

Alexandre Dumas

CELEBRATED CRIMES

VOLUME III

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Alexandre Dumas

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CELEBRATED CRIMES

TRANSLATED

BY I. G. BURNHAM

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY DE LOS RIOS, PRODHOMME
WAGREZ, ETC.

VOLUME III

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THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

Vol. III.—1.

THE MARQUISE DE GANGES.

1667.

About eight o'clock of a certain evening toward the close of the year 1667, a plain carriage, without armorial bearings of any sort, stopped at a house on Rue Haute-feuille, in front of which two other carriages were already standing. A footman at once got down to open the door, but a soft voice, which trembled slightly, stopped him, saying: "Wait until I see if this is the place."

Immediately a face, so closely enveloped in a black satin hood that not a single feature could be seen, appeared at one of the windows, and scrutinized the house, apparently in search of something to solve its doubts. The owner of the face was evidently satisfied with the results of her investigation, for she said, as she turned back to her invisible companion:

"This is the place; I see the sign."

With that the door was opened, and two women alighted; and with another glance at a sign-board six or eight feet long and two wide, which was fastened beneath the windows of the second floor, and upon which these words were printed:

Madame Voisin, Midwife,

they darted into the hall, the door of which stood ajar. It was lighted just enough to enable those who went in or out to find their way to or from the narrow, winding stairway which led from the ground floor to the fifth.

The two strangers, one of whom seemed to be much superior in rank to the other, did not stop, as they might have been expected to do, at the floor corresponding to the sign which had served as their guide, but kept on to the next floor above.

Upon the landing of that floor stood a dwarf fantastically dressed after the fashion of the Venetian jesters of the sixteenth century. As the two women approached, he held out a wand as if to check them, and asked what they wanted.

"To consult the spirit," replied the one with the soft and trembling voice.

"Enter and wait your turn," the dwarf rejoined, raising a portière, and showing the women into a reception room.

They followed his instructions and waited half an hour without seeing or hearing anything; suddenly a door hidden in the hangings was opened, a voice uttered the word:—"Enter,"—and the two women were ushered into a second room, hung with black, and lighted only by a lamp with three burners hanging from the ceiling. The door was closed behind them, and the clients found themselves in presence of the sibyl.

The latter was a young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts, who, contrary to the usual habit of her sex, evidently was desirous of appearing older than she really was. She was dressed in black; her hair hung in braids; her arms, feet and neck were bare. The belt around her waist was held in place by a large garnet clasp, which gleamed fitfully in the half light. She held a wand in her hand, and was mounted upon a sort of platform, made in imitation of the antique tripod, from which acrid, penetrating odors emanated. She was not ill-looking although her features were rather coarse, with the

exception of her eyes, which seemed, doubtless by some secret of the toilet-table, of extraordinary size, and, like the garnet at her waist, gleamed with an unearthly light.

When the visitors entered they found the sibyl with her head resting upon her hands, and apparently deeply absorbed in thought. Fearing to rouse her from her trance they waited in silence until it should please her to change her position. After some ten minutes she raised her head, and as if she then first became aware that two persons were standing in front of her, she asked :

"Why am I disturbed again? Is there to be no rest for me except in the tomb?"

"Pardon me, Madame," said the sweet-voiced stranger, "but I would be glad to know——"

"Hold your peace!" said the sibyl solemnly; "I care not to know your affairs; you must appeal to the spirit. It is a jealous spirit, and forbids all prying into its secrets. I can only intercede for you with it, and obey it."

With that she descended from her tripod, went into an adjoining room, and soon returned, pale and more dejected than before, holding in one hand a lighted brazier, and in the other a red paper. At the same moment all three burners of the lamp burned low, and the room was lighted only by the flame in the brazier. In that strange light everything assumed a fantastic shape and hue, which did not fail to alarm the visitors, but it was too late to draw back.

The prophets placed the brazier on the floor in the middle of the room, handed the paper to the woman who had spoken to her, and said :

"Write what you wish to know."

The woman took the paper with a hand that shook less than was to be expected, sat down at a table and wrote :

"Am I young, am I fair, am I maid, wife or widow ?
So much for the past.

"Shall I marry, or remarry ? Shall I live long or shall
I die young ? So much for the future."

She then held out the paper to the sibyl.

"What am I to do with this now ?" she asked.

"Roll the paper around this little ball," the sibyl replied, passing her a little ball of pure wax ; "they will then both be consumed before your eyes ; the spirit already knows your secrets. You will receive your answer in three days."

The stranger did as she was told, and the prophetess then took from her hands the wax and the paper, and threw both into the brazier.

"Now everything is done as it should be. Comus !"—the dwarf entered the room :—"Escort Madame to her carriage."

The visitor laid a purse on the table, and followed Comus, who led her and her companion, who was nothing more than a confidential maid, down a private staircase, used for the egress of visitors. It led into a different street than that from which they entered, but the coachman had been notified, and was waiting for them at the door. They had but to enter their carriage, therefore, and were driven rapidly away in the direction of Rue Dauphine.

Three days later the sibyl's promise was fulfilled, and her client found upon her toilet-table when she awoke a letter in an unfamiliar hand. It was addressed to "*La Belle Provençale*," and contained these words :

"You are young, you are fair, you are a widow ; so much for the present.

"You will marry again, you will die young, and by violence ; so much for the future.

"THE SPIRIT."

This reply was written upon paper similar to that on which the questions were written.

The marchioness uttered a cry of terror; that portion which referred to the past was so perfectly accurate, that she could but fear equal accuracy concerning the future.

We speak of the fair carefully-hooded unknown, whom we accompanied to the den of the modern Pythoness, as "the marchioness," because she was no other than lovely Marie de Roman, called before her marriage Mademoiselle de Châteaublanc, from one of the estates of her maternal grandfather, M. Joannis de Nochères, who rejoiced in the possession of a fortune of five to six hundred thousand livres. At the age of thirteen, in 1649, she married M. le Marquis de Castellane, a nobleman of ancient race who claimed to trace his descent from John of Castile, son of Peter the Cruel, and Joanna of Castro, his mistress. Being extremely proud of his child-wife's beauty, the Marquis de Castellane, who was an officer on the king's galleys, was in a great hurry to present her at court. Louis XIV., who was barely twenty at the time of her presentation, was greatly impressed by her ravishing beauty, and to the great despair of the famous beauties of the time, danced twice with her at the same party. Lastly, to put the finishing touch to her renown, the notorious Christina of Sweden, who was at the French court at the time, said of her, that in all the countries through which she had traveled she had seen nobody so beautiful as *La Belle Provençale*. This eulogium made so great an impression that the name clung to the Marquise de Castellane, and she was referred to everywhere by that title.

The favor shown her by Louis XIV., and the enthusiastic praise of Christina were quite enough to make

Madame la Marquise de Castellane the fashion on the instant, and Mignard, who had recently been ennobled and appointed painter to the king, set the seal of authority upon her celebrity by asking permission to paint her portrait. This portrait is still in existence, and gives one an excellent idea of the beauty of her whom it represents. But as it is not beneath the eyes of our readers, we will content ourselves by quoting *verbatim* the verbal portrait drawn in 1667 by the author of a pamphlet published at Rouen, under this title :

"An accurate statement of the principal facts connected with the deplorable death of the Marquise de Ganges."

"The dazzling fairness of her complexion was softened by a tinge of color, which blended with it and enhanced its beauty in a way the most cunning devices of the toilet could never have rivaled. The striking effect of her face was increased by the pronounced raven hue of her hair, which lay about her nobly-proportioned brow, as if an artist of more than ordinary talent had arranged it. Her large, well-shaped eyes were of the same shade as her hair, and the gentle yet piercing flame which shone in them made it impossible to meet her gaze squarely. There was nothing that could compare with the shape and the curve of her lovely little mouth, and her beautiful teeth ; the classic outline of her nose gave to her beauty a something of grandeur, which inspired as much respect as her beauty could inspire of love. The rounded contour of her face, which was plump and well filled out, spoke of lusty, vigorous health, and to put the finishing touch to her charms, the Graces seemed to guide her glances, and the movements of her lips and her head. Lastly, her arms, her hands, her bearing and her gait left nothing to be desired in the way of a most charming specimen of lovely young womanhood."

It will readily be understood that a young woman, endowed with such charms as we have enumerated, was certain to be pursued, especially at the most dissolute court in the world, by the slanderous tongues of her rivals; and yet the calumnies that were freely circulated had but little effect, so extremely circumspect was the marchioness, even in her husband's absence. Her sedate, grave conversation, concise and erudite, rather than animated and brilliant, was in marked contrast with the airy style and the whimsical and fantastic manner of speech of the wits of the time. The result was that they who failed to make an impression upon her, being loath to assume the blame themselves for the small measure of success which had attended their efforts, tried to spread the belief that the marchioness was nothing more than a beautiful statue, and that she was virtuous after the manner of statues. But it made no difference how glibly such statements were made and reiterated in the absence of the marchioness, for the moment she made her appearance in a salon with her expressive eyes and her sweet smile, which gave an indefinable charm to the few concise, sensible words that escaped from her lips, those most prejudiced against her were at her feet again, and were forced to confess that God never created anything which approached so near to absolute perfection.

And so she was in the full flush of a triumph which envy could not dim, and which calumny tried in vain to weaken, when news arrived of the wreck of our galleys in Sicilian waters, and of the death of the Marquis de Castellane, who commanded them. At this juncture the marchioness showed herself to be, as she was throughout her life, of a deeply religious nature, and keenly alive to the demands of propriety. Although she had not a

very deep passion for her husband, with whom she had passed rather less than one of the seven years since their marriage, she went into retirement, as soon as the news was brought to her, at the house of Madame d'Ampus, her mother-in-law, ceased to receive visitors, and did not go into society at all.

Six months after her husband's death the marchioness received letters from her grandfather, M. Joannis de Nochères, urging her to pass the remainder of her period of mourning with him at Avignon. She lost her father in childhood, and was brought up by this excellent old man, of whom she was very fond; so she gladly accepted his invitation, and at once prepared for her journey.

It was just at the time when La Voisin, who was still young, and very far from having the reputation she acquired later, was beginning to be talked about. Several of Madame de Castellane's friends had consulted her and received strange predictions from her, some of which had come true, whether by virtue of the cleverness of the prophetess, or by a curious combination of circumstances. The marchioness could not resist the curiosity aroused by the different stories she had heard of her skill, and some days before her departure for Avignon she paid her the visit we have described. The reader is already informed of the answers she received to her questions.

The marchioness was not superstitious, and yet this gloomy prediction made a deep impression upon her mind, which neither the pleasure of revisiting her native province, the affection of her grandfather, nor her immediate popularity could efface. Indeed her popularity was in itself a bore, and she at once asked and received her grandfather's permission to pass the last three months of her mourning in a convent.

It was at the convent that she first heard mentioned, with the enthusiasm of poor girls shut out from life's pleasures, the name of a man, whose reputation for beauty, as a man, equaled here, as a woman. This heaven-favored individual was Monsieur de Lenide, Marquis de Ganges, Baron du Languedoc, and Governor of St. André, in the diocese of Uzès. The marchioness heard so much said of him, and was told so many times that Nature seemed to have made them for each other, that she began to be conscious of a very great desire to see him. There is no doubt that Monsieur de Lenide, under the stimulus of similar suggestions, also had a very great desire to meet the marchioness, for having induced M. de Nochères, who was annoyed doubtless by her prolonged seclusion, to entrust him with a message for his granddaughter, he went into the parlor of the convent, and caused the fair recluse to be sent thither.

Although she had never seen him, she recognized him at the first glance; for her eyes had never yet feasted upon so handsome a gallant as the one before her, and she thought that it could be no other than the Marquis de Ganges, of whom she had heard so much and so often.

The expected happened; the Marquise de Castellane and the Marquise de Ganges fell in love at first sight. Both were young, the marquis was of noble birth and high social position, and the marchioness was rich; so that the marriage seemed an eminently fit one in every respect, and was delayed only until the expiration of the period of mourning. They were made man and wife in the early part of 1658, the marquis being then twenty, and the marchioness twenty-two.

During the early years of their married life, they were perfectly happy; it was the first time that the

marquis had ever been in love, nor could the marchioness remember that her heart had ever been touched before. A son and a daughter arrived to complete their happiness. The marchioness entirely forgot the fatal prediction, or if it did ever come to her mind, it was simply as a cause of wonder at her credulity.

Such felicity as theirs is never long for this world, and when it does chance to visit it, it seems to have been sent as a messenger of God's wrath, rather than of His love. Indeed, for him who possesses it, only to lose it, it would be much better that he had never had it at all.

The Marquis de Ganges was the first to weary of this blissful life. Little by little he began to sigh for the pleasures of his youth, and to leave the marchioness alone while he renewed his old time friendships. His wife, who had sacrificed her social enjoyment to her duties as wife and mother, appeared once more in society, where fresh triumphs awaited her. Thereupon the marquis' jealousy was excited, but as he was too much of a man of the world to make himself ridiculous by exhibiting that feeling, he shut it up in his heart, whence it emerged in some new guise on every occasion. The words of love, so soft and sweet that they seemed the language of angels, gave place to bitter stinging recriminations, ominous of an approaching rupture. Soon the husband and wife sedulously avoided each other except at those hours when they could not do otherwise than meet; and at last the marquis, on the pretext of unavoidable journeys, and eventually without troubling himself to find any pretext, absented himself three-fourths of the year, and the marchioness was to all intents and purposes a widow once more.

Whatever contemporary narrative we consult, we find

that all agree in saying that she was always the patient, uncomplaining and discreet—and it is a very rare thing to find such substantial unanimity of opinion concerning a young and beautiful woman.

It came about after a time that the marquis, who found a tête-à-tête with his wife unendurable in his brief sojourns at home, invited his two brothers, the Chevalier and the Abbé de Ganges, to come and live with him. He had a third brother also, who, being the second son, bore the title of count, and was colonel of the Languedoc regiment. As he plays no prominent part in the narrative, we will not concern ourselves with him.

The Abbé de Ganges, who bore that title although he did not belong to the Church, had assumed it in order to enjoy the privileges it carried with it. He was something of a wit, with a pretty taste for rhyming, and was comely in feature, although when he was crossed his eyes took on a peculiarly ferocious expression; generally speaking, he was as dissolute and shameless as if he had really been one of the clergy of that period.

The Chevalier de Ganges, who also came in for a share of the physical beauty which was distributed so lavishly among the family, was one of those commonplace mortals who view with complacency their own nothingness, and so pass their lives, powerless for good or evil, unless some nature of sterner stuff than theirs takes possession of them, and draws them on in its wake. This is what happened to the chevalier in respect to his brother; subjected to an influence of which he was entirely unconscious, and which he would have struggled against with the obstinacy of a child if he had so much as suspected it, he was nothing more than a machine, obeying the will of another mind, and serving the passions of another heart than his own; and the machine was the more

disastrous in its operations because there was no possibility that any instinctive, rational impulse from within would ever counteract the force applied from without.

The abbé had also acquired to a certain extent a similar influence over the marquis. As he was a younger son he was without fortune, nor had he any professional income, as he performed none of the duties of a clergyman, although he wore the clerical garb; and so he succeeded in persuading the marquis, who was wealthy, not only in his own right, but also in right of his wife, whose fortune would be nearly doubled at the death of M. de Nochères, that he should have a man devoted to his interests to superintend his household and look after his affairs generally, and proposed himself for the position. The marquis gladly accepted his suggestion, being bored to death, as we have said, by the necessity of passing his time alone with his wife, and the abbé brought with him the chevalier, who followed him about like his shadow, and to whom no one paid any more attention than if he had really had no body.

The marchioness often said afterward that the first time she saw the two brothers, although their external appearance was unexceptionable, she felt a presentiment of evil to come, and that the sibyl's prediction of a violent death, which she had long ago forgotten, suddenly flashed into her mind.

It was not the same with the two brothers; her beauty made a deep impression upon both of them, although in very different ways. The chevalier gazed in ecstasy upon her, as if she were a beautiful statue; the effect she produced upon him was the same as if she had been made of marble, and if the chevalier had been left to himself the consequences of his admiration would have been perfectly harmless. He made no attempt either to

exaggerate or to conceal his feeling, but allowed his sister-in-law to see it just as it was.

The abbé, on the other hand, was seized at first sight of the woman, who seemed to him the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, with an ardent, passionate desire to possess her. But he was the absolute master of his feelings, and he simply uttered a few complimentary phrases which are understood to mean nothing either to him who says them, or to her who hears them. And yet, before their first interview was at an end the abbé had irrevocably determined that she should be his.

Although the first impression produced upon the marchioness by the brother was never entirely effaced, the abbé's marvelous tact in adapting himself to the situation, and the chevalier's absolute nullity, soon made her feel less unpleasantly toward them; she was one of those innocent souls, who never suspect the presence of evil, provided that it takes the trouble to wear the slightest disguise, and who recognize it regretfully, only when it shows itself unmasked.

The arrival of the two guests soon brought life and gaiety into the household; and to the vast astonishment of the marchioness, her husband, who had so long been indifferent to her beauty, seemed to awaken to the knowledge that she was too charming to be cast aside. Little by little his words and manner became tender and affectionate as in the early days of their married life.

The marchioness had never ceased to love her husband; she had endured the withdrawal of his love with silent resignation, and she welcomed its return with joy. Three months passed like those earlier ones of which the poor woman had but a faint and vanishing remembrance. With the buoyancy of youth, which seeks only to be happy, she gave herself up to her new-found felicity,

without taking pains to inquire to what good spirit she was indebted for the return of the treasure she had lost.

About this time she was invited by a neighbor in the country to pass a few days at her chateau. Her husband and his two brothers were also invited, and went with her. A large hunting party had been arranged beforehand, and as soon as they arrived the details of the affair were settled.

The abbé, whose clever wit made him an indispensable part of every function of a social nature, announced that he proposed to be his sister-in-law's squire for the day, an arrangement in which she concurred with her customary good nature. Each of the hunters thereupon followed his example and selected the lady to whom he proposed to devote himself for the day. When this chivalrous arrangement was duly made the party started for the meet.

Affairs fell out that day as they generally fall out on such occasions. The dogs hunted on their own account; some few enthusiasts followed the dogs, and the rest went astray.

The abbé, in his capacity of *cicisbee* to the marchioness did not leave her side for an instant, and manœuvred so cleverly that he and she were separated from all the others; it was an opportunity which he had been seeking for a month as eagerly as the marchioness had avoided it. As soon as she felt convinced that he had intentionally left the rest of the party, she started to gallop away in the opposite direction to that in which they had come; but the abbé caught her horse's rein. She had not the strength or the inclination to engage in a struggle with him, so she waited to hear what he had to say, assuming that expression of proud contempt, which women can assume when they desire to make a

man understand that he has nothing to hope from them. For a moment there was silence between them; it was first broken by the abbé.

"Madame," he said, "I crave your pardon for resorting to this means of speaking to you without witnesses; as you did not seem inclined to grant me that privilege, even if I asked it, although I am your brother-in-law, I thought that it was better for me to make it impossible for you to refuse."

"If you hesitated to ask me for such a trifling favor, Monsieur, and if you have taken such precautions as you say to force me to listen to you, it must be that you are very sure that the words you have to say to me are such that I could not voluntarily listen to them. Be kind enough, therefore, to reflect before we begin this conversation, that here as elsewhere I reserve the right to break it off, whenever I consider that it has ceased to be worthy of my attention."

"As to that, Madame, I think that I ought to reply that, whatever I may choose to say to you, you will listen to me to the end. However, what I have to say is so simple that it is useless to worry you in advance. I wish to ask you, Madame, if you have noticed any change in your husband's manner toward you?"

"Yes, Monsieur," the marchioness replied, "and not a single day passes over my head that I do not thank heaven for my good fortune."

"You are wrong in that, Madame," rejoined the abbé, with one of his peculiar smiles, "heaven has nothing whatever to do with it; thank heaven for having made you the loveliest and most fascinating of women, and heaven will then have enough gratitude to look for at your hands not to deprive me of what belongs to me."

"I do not understand you, Monsieur," said the marchioness in a freezing tone.

"Very well, I will make myself understood, my fair sister-in-law. I performed the miracle for which you are thanking heaven, and so your gratitude therefor is due to me. Heaven is rich enough not to steal from the poor."

"You are right, Monsieur; if I really am indebted to you for the return of my husband's affection, of which I did not know the cause, I will thank you for it in the first place, and then thank heaven for inspiring the generous deed."

"Very good," retorted the abbé; "but if this generous deed, inspired by heaven, has not the result which I expect from it, that same heaven may inspire one equally ungenerous."

"What mean you, Monsieur?"

"That there has always been but one will in our whole family, and that will is mine; that the minds of my two brothers turn this way and that like weather-cocks at the caprice of my will, and that the man who has blown hot may blow cold."

"I am still awaiting an explanation, Monsieur."

"Very well, my dear sister-in-law, since it pleases you not to understand I will explain myself more clearly. My brother kept away from you because he was jealous; it became necessary for me to give you a proof of my power over him, and so, by simply telling him that his suspicions of you were unfounded, I brought him back from a condition of the utmost indifference to the most passionate love. Now, you see, I have but to say to him that I was mistaken, to direct his wandering suspicions upon some man, it matters not who, and I can turn him away from you again just as I brought

him back. I have no need to furnish you with proofs of what I say; you know perfectly well that it is the truth."

"Pray, what was your motive, in playing this comedy?"

"To prove to you, Madame, that I can make you sad or joyous, cherished or abandoned, adored or hated, at my will. Now, listen to what I say; I love you."

"You insult me, Monsieur," cried the marchioness, trying to withdraw her rein from the abbé's hands.

"No fine words, my dear sister-in-law, for I warn you they will be wasted on me. A man never insults a woman by telling her that he loves her; but there are a thousand different ways of compelling her to respond to his love. The danger lies in making a mistake as to the means which one selects, that is all."

"May I venture to ask what one you have selected?" queried the marchioness with a smile of withering contempt.

"The only one which can be expected to succeed with a calm, cold, strong-willed woman like yourself—the conviction that your interest demands that you should respond to my love."

"Since you claim to know me so well," said the marchioness, making a second effort as fruitless as the first to disengage her rein, "you ought to know how a woman like myself would be likely to receive such advances; say to yourself what I might say to you, and above all, what I might say to my husband."

The abbé smiled.

"Oh! as far as that goes, Madame," he rejoined, "you can do as you please. Tell your husband whatever you think fit to tell him; repeat our conversation word for word; add to it whatever you think will prejudice

him most strongly against me, whether it be true or false; and then, when you have him well schooled, when you think yourself sure of him, I will say just two words in his ear and twist him around my thumb as I do this glove. That is all I have to say to you, Madame; I will not detain you longer; you may have in me a devoted friend or a mortal enemy, at your pleasure. Reflect."

With that he released his hold upon her rein, and left her at liberty to take such gait as she chose. She rode away at a trot, to avoid all appearance of fear or haste. The abbé followed her, and they both rejoined the hunt.

The abbé was a true prophet. In spite of the threats she made, the marchioness reflected upon his influence over her husband, of which she had often had proofs; and so she kept her own counsel, hoping that he had made himself out to be worse than he really was in order to frighten her. Upon that point, she was sadly mistaken.

Meanwhile the abbé determined to discover first of all whether he should attribute her rejection of his overtures to personal dislike to himself, or to real virtue. The chevalier, as we have said, was handsome; he had the *savoir faire* which takes the place of wit, and the pigheadedness characteristic of commonplace mortals; and so the abbé undertook to persuade him that he loved the marchioness.

It was no difficult matter. We have described the effect produced upon the chevalier by the first sight of Madame de Ganges; but he, being aware beforehand of her reputation as a woman of unbending virtue had never had the slightest thought of paying court to her. He had yielded, however, to the influence she exerted

over everyone who came near her, so far as to remain her devoted servant, and the marchioness, having no reason to be suspicious of his devotion, which she ascribed to mere friendliness, was more unreserved in her intercourse with him than with others, as he was her husband's brother.

The abbé sought him out, and began thus, having made sure that they were alone :

"Chevalier, we both love the same woman, and that woman is our brother's wife ; we will not interfere with each other ; I can control my passion, and I am the more ready to sacrifice it to you because I think that you are the favored one. So do you try to obtain some convincing proof of the love which I believe the marchioness has for you ; and the moment you succeed in obtaining it, I will withdraw ; but if you fail, then do you make way for me like a man, and let me take my turn at trying to ascertain whether her heart is really as impregnable as people say."

The chevalier had never dreamed of the possibility of possessing his sister-in-law ; but from the moment that his brother, without any conceivable ulterior motive, awoke in him the idea that she might be in love with him, all the love and self-esteem that the automaton was capable of, centred around that idea, and he began to redouble his gallant attentions. Madame de Ganges, who had never thought of apprehending trouble in that direction, received the chevalier at first with a kindness, which was augmented by her contempt for the abbé. But before long the chevalier, who was in error as to the source of her kindly reception, explained himself more clearly. The marchioness, who was greatly astonished at first and unwilling to believe that she heard aright, let him say enough to leave no

doubt as to his meaning ; then she interrupted him, as she did the abbé, with a few cutting words of the sort that a woman's indifference brings to her lips even more readily than her virtue.

At this check, the chevalier, who had none of his brother's strength of will, lost all hope, and immediately made a frank avowal of the unfortunate result of his attentions and his love. It was no more than the abbé expected and desired, both for the satisfaction of his own self-esteem, and to assist him in carrying out his plans. He worked at the chevalier's discomfiture until he had transformed it into bitter hatred ; and then, sure that he had in him a partisan, and in case of need an accomplice, he began to set in motion his scheme against the marchioness.

The result was soon manifest in renewed coldness on the part of M. de Ganges. A young man whom his wife met occasionally in society, and to whom she listened somewhat more earnestly perhaps than to an other, because of his sparkling wit, was made the pretext, if he was not the real cause, of a fresh outbreak of jealousy. It found expression in quarrels which had little or no connection with the real trouble, as is almost always the case. The marchioness, however, was not deceived ; she recognized the malevolent hand of her brother-in-law in the change ; but her conviction on this point, instead of leading her to seek a reconciliation with him, made him more repugnant to her than before ; and from that hour she never lost an opportunity of displaying not her repugnance alone, but the contempt which accompanied it.

Matters remained in this condition several months. Each day the marchioness noticed that her husband's indifference was more marked, and she felt that every act of her life, however trivial, however private, was subjected

to an espionage which was none the less complete because it was invisible. The abbé and the chevalier were always the same; but the abbé concealed his hatred beneath his invariable smile, and the chevalier his chagrin beneath an air of frigid dignity, with which commonplace minds envelop themselves, when their vanity is wounded.

At this juncture M. Joannis de Nochères died, and his granddaughter's already considerable fortune was increased by some six or seven hundred thousand livres.

This addition to her fortune became what was known in those countries in which the Roman Law was in force as *paraphernal* property; that is to say, as it came to her after the marriage, it did not go to swell the dowry she brought to her husband, but she had the right to dispose of the principal and income at her pleasure, either by gift or will, and her husband could not interfere with it, except by virtue of a power of attorney.

A few days after the marchioness entered into possession of her grandfather's property, her husband and his brothers learned that she had sent for a notary to enlighten her as to her rights. This step indicated a purpose on her part to keep her inheritance apart from the common purse; for the marquis' conduct to his wife, of which he frequently admitted the injustice to his own conscience, left him little hope that it was for any other cause.

About this same time a strange thing occurred. At a dinner-party given by the marquis, a dish of cream was served at dessert, and all those who partook of it were suddenly taken ill; the marquis and his two brothers, who ate none of it, were not affected. What was left of the cream, which was suspected of having caused the indisposition of the guests, and especially of the marchioness, who ate two portions of it, was subjected to

analysis, and the presence of arsenic was detected. As it was mixed with milk, which is its antidote, the poison lost much of its strength, and produced only a part of the anticipated effect. As no serious consequences resulted the blame was put upon a servant, who might have mistaken the arsenic for sugar, and everybody forgot, or seemed to forget, the incident.

Meanwhile the marquis seemed, naturally enough, inclined to a new reconciliation with his wife; but this time Madame de Ganges was not taken in by the apparent renewal of his affection, for the self-seeking hand of the abbé was visible therein, as it had been in his estrangement. He had persuaded his brother that seven hundred thousand livres were well worth overlooking a few peccadilloes; and the marquis, obedient to his suggestion, tried to combat by kindly overtures his wife's decision to make a will—a decision, which had as yet hardly taken shape in her mind.

As autumn approached, the suggestion was made that they should all pass that season at Ganges, a small town in Lower Languedoc, in the diocese of Montpellier, seven leagues from the latter city, and nineteen leagues from Avignon. Although it was a very natural and proper thing to do, as the marquis owned the town, and had a chateau there, the marchioness shuddered involuntarily when she heard the suggestion. Instantly the prophecy of La Voisin recurred again to her memory; and the recent ill-explained attempt at poisoning naturally added tenfold to her fears. While it cannot be said that she positively suspected her brothers-in-law of that crime, she knew that in them she had two implacable enemies. The journey to a small, out of the way town, and the sojourn at an isolated chateau among strangers seemed to her ominous of no good; but to oppose the project openly

was to make herself ridiculous. For that matter, what reasons could she give for her reluctance? To avow her fears was to accuse her husband and his brothers; and of what could she accuse them? The incident of the poisoned cream was no conclusive proof. She resolved therefore to lock up her fears in her own breast, and to put herself in God's hands.

Nevertheless she did not propose to leave Avignon until she had made the will, which she had meditated upon since M. de Nochères' death. A notary was called, and drew it up as she desired. She constituted her mother, Madame de Rossau, her sole legatee, on the condition that she should turn over the property to that one of the two children of the testatrix, whom she should deem the more worthy of it. One of the children was a boy of six years, the other a girl of five.

But this did not content the marchioness, so strongly was she impressed by the feeling that she should not survive the journey; she called together, secretly and in the night-time, the magistrates of Avignon and several persons of quality belonging to the leading families of the city, and in their presence declared that her purpose in convoking them was to beg them in the event of her death, not to recognize as genuine, or as her free and voluntary act, any other will than the one she had executed on the preceding day, for that any subsequent will which might be produced would be the result of trickery or violence. Having made this declaration by word of mouth, she renewed it in writing, signed the paper on which it was written, and confided it to the safe-keeping of the honor of those whom she constituted its guardians. A precautionary measure of this sort, taken with such minute attention to detail, aroused the burning curiosity of her auditors; several leading questions were put to

the marchioness, but they could get nothing from her except that she had reasons of her own which she could not divulge for acting as she did. The motive of the assemblage remained a secret, and each one of those present promised the marchioness not to reveal the fact that it took place.

On the following day, which was the day before that fixed for their departure, the marchioness visited all the charitable institutions and religious communities in Avignon; everywhere she left generous alms, to the end that prayers and masses might be said for her soul, and that God in His infinite kindness would not let her die without receiving the last sacraments of the Church. In the evening she took an affectionate leave of all her friends, weeping the while, like one convinced that she was saying farewell to them forever. She passed the whole night in prayer, and when her maid entered her room in the morning to awaken her, she found her still kneeling in the same spot where she left her the night before.

They set out for Ganges, and the journey was accomplished without incident. When they reached the chateau, the marchioness found her mother-in-law there; she was a woman of much distinction, and of the highest character, and her presence, although it was to be very brief, comforted the terrified woman to some extent. The old chateau had been put in order in anticipation of their coming, and the most convenient and most richly furnished apartment was allotted to the marchioness; it was on the first floor and looked upon a courtyard enclosed on all sides by the stables.

The first evening that she occupied the room, Madame de Ganges examined it with the utmost care. She explored the closets, sounded the walls, searched the

hanging, and was entirely unable to find anything to confirm her fears, which gradually grew less. But after a few days the marquis' mother left Ganges to return to Montpellier. The second day after her departure the marquis spoke of important business which required his presence at Avignon, and he, too, left the chateau. Thus the marchioness was left with the abbé, the chevalier, and a chaplain named Perrette, who had been connected with the family twenty-five years. The only other occupants of the chateau were the servants.

The first thought of the marchioness after she arrived at the chateau was to make friends in the town. She found it an easy matter; for to say nothing of her rank, which made it an honor to be admitted to her society, her winning grace aroused in everyone at first sight the desire to have her for a friend. Thus she was less bored than she feared might be the case.

As it turned out this precaution was well taken, for instead of passing the autumn only at Ganges, the marchioness was compelled by her husband's written directions to pass the winter there as well. During all this time the abbé and chevalier seemed entirely to have forgotten their designs upon her, and had become once more her respectful and considerate brothers. But the marquis did not return, and his wife, who had not ceased to love him, began to lose her dread, but not her sorrow.

One day the abbé entered her room so unexpectedly that she had not time to wipe away her tears, and having thus surprised half of her secret it was easy for him to induce her to confide the rest of it to him. She confessed that there could be no happiness for her in this world, so long as her husband persisted in living a separate and hostile life. The abbé tried to console

her, but in so doing told her that she was herself to blame for her disappointment ; that her husband could not fail to be wounded by her suspicion of him, which was abundantly proved by the will she had made, and which was the more humiliating because it was public, and that, so long as that was in existence, she need not expect to be reconciled with her husband. The conversation went no farther at that time.

Some days after the abbé again entered her room, holding in his hand a letter he had received from his brother. This letter, which was supposed to be confidential, was filled with affectionate complaints of his wife's conduct toward him, and disclosed in every phrase a depth of love, which no grievances less serious than those which he thought he had against her could overcome.

For a moment the marchioness was touched by the tone of the letter, but when she reflected that since her explanation with the abbé just time enough had elapsed for the marquis to be informed of it, she waited for new and stronger evidence before changing her opinion.

Meanwhile from day to day the abbé on the pretext of desiring to bring about a reconciliation between the husband and wife, became more persistent on the subject of the will, and the marchioness, who was considerably disturbed by his persistence, began to recur to her former fears. At last the abbé pressed her so hard that she reflected, that, as a revocation could have no effect, after the precautions she had taken at Avignon, it would be much better to seem to yield, than by an obstinate refusal to anger the man of whom she stood in such fear. And so the first time he recurred to the subject, she replied that she was ready to afford her husband this fresh proof of her love, which might bring him back to her

side ; she requested that a notary be summoned, and in the presence of the abbé and the chevalier, made a new will, constituting the marquis her sole heir. This document was dated May 5, 1667. The abbé and the chevalier expressed the most unbounded delight that this cause of discord was at last removed, and promised in their brother's name a better state of things in the future. This hope endured for a few days, during which it was confirmed by a letter from the marquis, wherein he also announced his speedy return to the chateau.

On the sixteenth of May, Madame de Ganges, having been somewhat indisposed for a month or two, decided to take a dose of physic ; she made known her desire to the druggist in the village, requesting him to compound such a dose as she required and send it to her the next day. At the appointed hour in the morning the draught was brought to her ; but it was so thick and black that she put it away without remark in a cupboard in her room, being somewhat distrustful of the skill of the druggist. She then took some pills from her own store ; they were less powerful, but she was accustomed to them, and so they inspired less disgust.

The hour at which she was to take the medicine had hardly passed when the abbé and the chevalier sent to inquire for her health. She sent word to them that she was very well, and invited them to a little supper-party she was to give to some of her friends from the town at four in the afternoon.

An hour later they sent a second time to inquire how she was, and the marchioness, not noticing their excessive civility, which she afterwards remembered, replied that she was never better.

She remained in bed to do the honors of her collation, and had never felt in better spirits. At the appointed

time, all her guests arrived, the abbé and chevalier made their appearance, and supper was served. Neither of the brothers would partake, although the abbé took his place at the table; but the chevalier remained at the foot of the bed. The abbé seemed thoughtful, and emerged from his preoccupation only by fits and starts, when he would seem to make an effort to drive some tyrannical thought from his mind; but soon the thought would triumph over his will and he would plunge again into a profound revery, which impressed everybody particularly because it was so uncharacteristic of him. The chevalier kept his eyes fastened upon his sister-in-law's face, but that was less surprising than his brother's demeanor, because she had never been so lovely.

When the supper was at an end the guests took their leave. The abbé escorted the ladies from the room and the chevalier remained with the marchioness. His brother was hardly outside the door when she noticed that he turned deathly pale, and sat down upon the bed as if lacking strength to stand. She asked him anxiously what the matter was, but before he had time to reply her attention was attracted in another direction.

The abbé, as pale and apparently as excited as his brother, returned to the room with a glass in one hand and a pistol in the other, and closed and locked the door behind him. The marchioness half rose in her bed, so terrified at his appearance that she could not utter a word. The abbé approached her with trembling lips, hair on end, and bloodshot eyes, and held out the glass and the pistol.

"Madame," he said, after a moment of awful silence, "make your choice between poison, a bullet, or,"—here he made a sign to the chevalier, who drew his sword—"the sword."

THE MARQUISE DE GANGES

*> The Marquise is forced by the Abbe and
Chevalier de Ganges to make choice as to the
means of her death.*



For a moment the marchioness had a gleam of hope; she thought from the chevalier's movement that he was coming to her rescue; but she was soon undeceived, and finding herself thus threatened by both, she fell on her knees on the floor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, "what have I done that you thus decree my death, and having assumed to judge me, now take upon yourselves the office of executioners? I am guilty of no crime against you, except that of having been too faithful to my vows to my husband, who is your brother."

She saw that it was useless to address any further appeal to the abbé whose expression and gesture indicated that his decision was irrevocably taken, so she turned to the chevalier.

"And you, too, my brother," she said, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* you too! Have mercy upon me, in heaven's name!"

But he stamped on the floor, and placed the point of his sword at her breast.

"Enough, Madame," he said, "enough; make your choice without delay, or we will make it for you."

The marchioness turned once more to the abbé, and her forehead came in contact with the muzzle of the pistol. She saw that she must die, and selected that one of the three forms of death which seemed to her the least terrible.

"Give me the poison," she said, "and may God forgive you the crime."

With that she took the glass; but the thick black liquid with which it was filled so revolted her, that she determined to try one more appeal. But a fearful malevolent look from the abbé, and a threatening movement by the chevalier took away her last ray of hope. She put

the glass to her lips, and whispering once more, "Oh! Lord, my God, have mercy upon me!" she drank what it contained. As she did so a few drops of the liquor fell upon her flesh and burned the skin as a red hot coal would have done. The infernal potion was composed of arsenic and corrosive sublimate dissolved in nitric acid.

Thinking that they would require nothing more of her, the marchioness let the glass fall. But she was mistaken; the abbé picked it up and noticing the dregs in the bottom, took a silver bodkin and scraped off all that had stuck to the sides and put it with the dregs, making a ball about the size of a small nut, which he held out to her on the end of the bodkin, saying:

"Come, Madame, you must swallow this bonne bouche!"

The marchioness opened her lips resignedly; but instead of doing as the abbé ordered she held it in her mouth and threw herself on her bed, shrieking and tearing her pillows in apparent agony; meanwhile she spit it out between the sheets unseen by the assassins.

"In God's name," she then said, turning toward them with clasped hands, "since you have killed my body, spare my soul at least, and send me a confessor."

Cruel as the abbé and chevalier were, the scene undoubtedly began to pall upon them. Furthermore the deed of death was done, for the marchioness could live but a few moments after the quantity she had swallowed; so they went out, apparently to fulfill her request, and closed the door behind them.

The marchioness was no sooner alone, however, than the possibility of flight came to her mind. She ran to the window; it was not far from the ground, but stones and rubbish were very plentiful just beneath it. As she had on nothing but her chemise, she hurriedly slipped on a skirt; but just as she was securing it around her

waist she heard steps approaching her room. Believing that her assassins were returning to finish their work she ran like a mad woman to the window. She had her foot on the sill when the door opened, and without thought of anything but escape she leaped out head foremost. Fortunately the new-comer, who was the chaplain of the chateau, had time to put out his hand and seize her skirt. It was not strong enough to hold her weight and parted, but this check, slight as it was, served to change the direction of her body, and instead of landing upon her head, as she inevitably would have done, she landed upon her feet without other injury than bruising them badly on the stones. Dazed as she was by the fall, she still saw something coming through the air after her, and leaped to one side. It was a huge vessel filled with water, with which the priest when he saw that she was safe sought to crush her. It broke at her feet, however, without striking her, and the priest, seeing that he had failed in his object, darted off to warn the abbé and the chevalier that their victim was escaping them.

The marchioness was no sooner safely out of the chateau than with admirable presence of mind she pushed the end of a lock of her hair far enough into her throat to cause her to vomit. It was the easier task, because she had eaten heartily, and this latter fact was also very fortunate in that the abundance of food prevented the poison from attacking the walls of the stomach, as would otherwise have been the case. As soon as she threw up what she had eaten it was swallowed by a tame boar, which died almost immediately in horrible convulsions.

However, as we said in the beginning, her apartment looked upon a closed courtyard; and the marchioness

when she found herself in that courtyard thought at first that she had simply exchanged one prison for another. But soon she noticed a light shining through a window in one of the stables, and, running to it, found a groom just going to bed.

"In heaven's name, my good fellow," she cried, "save me! I am poisoned, they seek to kill me, don't give me up to them, I implore you! have pity on me, and let me into the stable so that I may fly and escape from them!"

The groom did not understand much of what she said; but he saw a half naked woman imploring him to help her, so he opened the door, gave her his arm, led her through the stable, and opened another door, and the marchioness found herself in the street. Two women were passing and the groom placed her in their care, unable to explain what he knew nothing about himself. As to the marchioness, she seemed unable to say anything except:

"Save me! I am poisoned! in heaven's name, save me!"

Suddenly she left them and began to run like a mad woman; she had spied her assassins not twenty feet away, just coming through the same door which had given her egress.

They darted in pursuit of her, she crying out that she was poisoned, and they that she was mad; and all this in the middle of a street thronged with people, who did not know which side to take, and so drew aside to let the victim and her murderers pass. Terror lent more than human strength to the marchioness. She who was accustomed to walk on velvet carpets in silk slippers tore madly along, wounding her bare feet on the sharp stones, and appealing in vain for help, which no one chose to

afford her. Indeed, to one who saw her in her mad career, with her hair flying in the wind, and no clothing save a chemise and a torn silk skirt, it was hard not to believe that the woman was, as her brothers-in-law said, bereft of her reason.

At last the chevalier overtook and seized her, dragged her in spite of her cries into the nearest house, and closed the door behind them, while the abbé stood outside the door, pistol in hand, and threatened to blow out the brains of any one who came near.

The house into which the chevalier took the marchioness belonged to one M. Desprats, who was absent from home at the time. His wife was entertaining several friends of her own sex. The marchioness and the chevalier, still struggling together, worked their way into the room where the company were assembled, and several of them, who were friends of Madame de Ganges, rose in great astonishment to go to her assistance as she was imploring them to do. But the chevalier waved them back, repeating that she was mad. The marchioness met this reiterated assertion, to which appearances gave only too much plausibility, by pointing to her blistered neck and blackened lips; she wrung her hands in agony, crying that she was poisoned, and was dying, and earnestly entreated them to give her milk to drink, or at least water. Thereupon the wife of a Protestant minister, Madame Brunelle, slipped a box of orvietan into her hand, of which she hastily swallowed a small quantity, while the chevalier's head was turned. At the same time another lady handed her a glass of water; but just as she put it to her mouth, the chevalier broke it between her teeth, and a piece of the glass cut her lip. Thereupon all the women rushed upon him, but the marchioness, fearing that they would irritate him more and hoping to

move him to pity, asked them to leave her alone with him. They complied with her request, and went into the adjoining room. This was just what the chevalier desired.

As soon as they were alone Madame de Ganges knelt at his feet with clasped hands, and said to him in the sweetest and most supplicating tone she could command :

"Chevalier, my dear brother, can you find in your heart no pity for me, who has been always so affectionate to you, and would at this moment shed my blood to do you a service? You well know that what I say to you is not mere foolish talk ; and yet how do you treat me, although I deserve nothing of the kind ? and what will the world say of such actions ? Ah ! brother, how unhappy it has made me to be so maltreated by you ! And yet, dear brother, if you deign to take pity on me and spare my life, I swear by my hopes of heaven to remember nothing of what has happened, and to look upon you always as my protector and friend."

Suddenly she rose with a shriek of pain and pressed her hand against the right side of her chest. While she was speaking, the chevalier, unnoticed by her, had drawn his sword, which was very short, and stabbed her in the bosom as if it were a dagger. He followed up this blow with another, which struck against the collar-bone, and was prevented by it from causing a serious wound. The marchioness fled toward the door of the parlor to which the ladies had withdrawn, crying : " Help ! they are killing me ! " But while she was crossing the room the chevalier dealt her five blows in the back, and doubtless would not have stopped at that, had not his sword broken. The last blow, however, was dealt with such force that the blade remained in the shoulder, and the marchioness fell face downward, fairly swimming in the

blood which flowed in rivers from her wounds and inundated the room.

The chevalier supposed he had killed her, and as he could hear the women coming to her assistance he rushed out of the room. The abbé was still at the door, pistol in hand; the chevalier seized his arm to lead him away.

"Let us go, abbé," he said, as his brother seemed to hesitate to follow him: "the business is done."

They had gone some few yards, when a window was thrown open, and the guests of Madame Desprats, who had found the marchioness in a dying condition, called for help. The abbé at once halted and compelled the chevalier to stop with him.

"What was it you said, chevalier? she cannot be dead, for they are calling for help."

"Faith, then, go and see for yourself," retorted the chevalier; "I have done enough; it's your turn now."

"*Pardieu!* you are right; that's just my own idea," cried the abbé; and he rushed back to the house, and into the room, just as the women were raising his sister-in-law from the floor with great difficulty, for she was so weak that she could not help herself, and were trying to lay her on the bed. The abbé forced his way through them until he reached the victim's side, when he placed his pistol to her breast; but just as he fired, Madame Brunelle, the donor of the box of orvietan, threw up the barrel with her hand, so that the ball flew up and lodged in the cornice instead of striking the marchioness. The abbé thereupon took his pistol by the barrel and struck Madame Brunelle such a fierce blow on the head with the butt that she staggered and nearly fell. He was on the point of repeating the blow, when all the women joined forces against him, and with voluble maledictions pushed him through the door, and closed it upon him.

Immediately the two assassins fled from Ganges under cover of the darkness, and arrived at Aubenas, a long league away, about ten o'clock at night.

Meanwhile the women devoted themselves with unremitting attention to caring for Madame de Ganges. They tried at first to lay her on the bed, as we said above, but as the steel which remained in the wound prevented her from lying down, they tried to pull it out, but tried in vain, so deeply was it imbedded in the bone. At last the sufferer herself suggested that the operator should sit upon the bed, and put her two knees against her back, while the other women held her in an erect position, and should then give a mighty jerk with both hands. This expedient was at last successful, and they were able to put the marchioness to bed; it was nine o'clock, and the awful tragedy had lasted almost three hours.

By this time the consuls of Ganges had been informed of what had taken place, and as it began to dawn upon them that it might really be an assassination, they betook themselves in person with a guard to the house where the marchioness lay. As soon as they entered the room she mustered all her strength to rise in bed, and implored them with clasped hands to protect her, for her fright was so great that she continually thought that she saw one or the other of her assassins returning. The consuls reassured her, placed an armed guard around the house, and while a messenger was sent in hot haste to Montpellier for doctors and surgeons, they sent word to M. le Baron de Trissan, Provost of Languedoc, of the crime that had been committed, with the names and descriptions of the assassins. He at once put his bloodhounds upon their track, but it was too late. He learned that the abbé and chevalier lay at Aubenas the night

after the tragedy, and that they indulged in mutual recriminations there to such an extent that they almost flew at each other's throat. At last they took boat near Agde, at a little harbor called the Gras de Palaval.

The Marquis de Ganges was at Avignon, engaged in pressing a criminal prosecution against one of his servants, who had stolen two hundred crowns, when he heard what had happened at Ganges.

He turned frightfully pale as he listened to the gruesome tale of the messenger; then he broke forth in furious imprecations against his brothers, and swore that they should die by no other hand than his. And yet notwithstanding his anxiety concerning the condition of the marchioness, he waited until the next afternoon before he left Avignon, and in the meantime called upon some of his friends, to whom he did not mention the affair.

He finally arrived at Ganges four days after the assassination, went at once to M. Desprats' house, and asked to see his wife. She had been prepared for this interview by certain devout monks, and as soon as she learned that the marquis had arrived she consented to receive him. He entered her apartment with tears in his eyes, tearing his hair, and giving every indication of utter despair.

The marchioness received him like a forgiving wife, and a Christian who is soon to die. She had never in her life uttered any but the most trifling reproaches to him for abandoning her as he had done, and yet he had complained to a priest of her reproaches, and the priest had reported his complaints to her; so she selected the moment when there was the greatest number of people about her bed, to call her husband to her side, and apologize to him publicly, asking his forgiveness over

and over again, and begging him to attribute the words which wounded him to the effect of her suffering, and not to any lack of esteem.

As soon as he was alone with his wife, the marquis undertook to profit by this apparent change of heart, and to induce her to rescind her declaration made before the magistrates of Avignon; for the vice-legate and his subordinates were true to the promise they made the marchioness and refused to register the provisions she had made in favor of Ganges at the instance of the abbé, who sent the document to his brother the moment it was signed. But she was as firm as a rock on that point; she said that her fortune was intended for her children, and was therefore sacred in her eyes; that the will she executed at Avignon represented her real, final purpose, and that she could not make any change in it. Nevertheless, and in spite of her unyielding attitude, the marquis remained with her, and seemed as devoted and attentive as a husband could be.

Two days after the arrival of M. de Ganges came Madame de Rossan; great was her astonishment, after all that she had heard about the marquis, to find her daughter in the hands of the man whom she looked upon as one of her murderers. But the marchioness did her utmost to bring her around to a different way of thinking, and to induce her to treat him as her son. This blind infatuation on the part of her daughter was so distressing to Madame de Rossan that she stayed with her but two days, dearly as she loved her, and at the end of that time insisted upon returning home, notwithstanding the dying woman's piteous entreaties. Her departure nearly broke her daughter's heart, and caused her to plead strenuously that she might be removed to Montpellier; for the mere sight of the place where she had been so brutally

assaulted constantly brought into her mind not only the remembrance of the dastardly deed itself, but the image of her murderers, which haunted her so incessantly, that in her brief snatches of sleep she frequently awoke with a start, shrieking for help. Unfortunately the physician decided that she was too weak to be removed, and declared that the slightest change from absolute quiet would be attended with extreme danger.

When she heard this decision, which had to be repeated to her, and which her high color, and sparkling eyes seemed to contradict, the marchioness turned her whole mind to sacred things, and thought only of dying like a saint, having already suffered martyrdom. She asked that she might receive the *viaticum*, and while a messenger went in search of a priest, she renewed her apologies to her husband, and said again that she forgave his brothers; and the sweetness of voice and manner, added to her beauty, imparted something angelic to her aspect. But when the priest entered with the *viaticum*, her expression suddenly changed, and her features gave every indication of the most profound terror. In the man of God, who came to administer to her the last consolation of heaven, she recognized the infamous Perrette, whom she could but look upon as the accomplice of the abbé and the chevalier, for it will be remembered that when he failed to prevent her leaping from the window he tried to crush her with the huge pitcher filled with water, and when he failed in that, ran to advise her assassins of her flight, and set them upon her track.

However, she soon recovered her presence of mind, and as the priest drew near her bed without any indication of remorse, she determined not to make herself responsible for the scandal which would be caused by her

denunciation of him at such a moment. She said, however, in a tone which no one but he could hear :

"I hope, father, that in view of what has taken place between us, and to dissipate the fear which I may be forgiven for feeling, you will make no objection to sharing the Sacred Host with me ; for I have heard it said, that in the hands of the wicked man the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, although it remains the symbol of salvation, sometimes becomes a cause of death."

The priest bent his head in token of acquiescence.

The marchioness thus partook of holy communion with one of her assassins, thereby witnessing that she forgave him as well as the others, and that she prayed God and men to forgive them as she did.

The next few days passed without any apparent change for worse ; the fever which was consuming her had the opposite effect of enhancing the loveliness of every feature, and giving to her voice and her gestures a fervor which they had not before had. So it was that everybody felt renewed hope except herself, but she knew her own condition better than anybody else and was not for an instant deluded by any false hope. She kept her little son, seven years old, constantly by her bedside, telling him to look carefully at her, so that he would remember her face, young as he was, and would never forget her in his prayers. The poor child would burst into tears, and promise, not only to remember her forever, but to avenge her when he was a man. At such times the marchioness would gently reprove him telling him that all vengeance belonged to the king and to God, and that all such matters must be left to the care of those two powerful masters of heaven and earth.

On June 3, M. Catalan, counsellor, arrived at Ganges, as commissioner deputed by the parliament of Toulouse,

with all the officials whose services were required in executing his commission. He was not allowed to see the marchioness that evening, for she had, so he was told, been dozing fitfully for several hours, with the result that her mind was somewhat confused, so that her statements would be likely to lack clearness.

M. Catalan waited therefore until the following day, when he betook himself to M. Desprats' house without a word to anybody, and succeeded in gaining admission to the presence of the marchioness, although some objection was made on the part of those who guarded the house outside. The dying woman received him with wonderful self-possession, which made M. Catalan believe that there was a purpose the night before to prevent him from having any interview at all with her.

At first Madame de Ganges refused to tell him anything concerning what had taken place, saying that she could not accuse and forgive almost in the same breath; but M. Catalan impressed upon her that it was her duty to tell the exact truth to the officers of the law, because, if they were left without accurate information, they might go astray and strike the innocent instead of the guilty. This last argument persuaded the marchioness, and during the hour and a half that their tête-a-tête lasted, she told the magistrate all the details of the terrible affair.

He was to return again on the following day, but the victim proved to be decidedly worse. He satisfied himself of that fact with his own eyes, and as he knew almost everything that he wished to know, he forbore to question her any farther.

From that time on the marchioness suffered excruciating agony, and, although she did her utmost to maintain her firmness to the end, she could not keep from shrieking aloud. Thus she passed the whole of June 4, and a part

of the fifth. At last she expired about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, which was Sunday.

Her body was at once opened, and the physicians found that her death was caused by the poison and by that alone, as no one of the seven stabs she received was mortal. They found the stomach and intestines burned, and the brain blackened. And yet, although the report says that the hellish compound *would have killed a lioness in an hour or two*, the marchioness struggled against its effects for nineteen days! "So zealously," adds the chronicle, from which we have borrowed some of these details, "so zealously did Nature defend the lovely body, which she had taken so much pains in fashioning.

M. Catalan had under his orders twelve guards and ten archers, and as soon as he learned that the marchioness was no more, he sent them to the marquis's chateau, with orders to arrest him, as well as the priest, and all the servants except the groom who assisted the marchioness to escape. The officer in command of the little squad found the marquis pacing back and forth in the great hall of the chateau, apparently very sad and much excited. When he made known his orders, the marquis, as if he were anticipating it, replied that he was quite ready, and that it had always been his purpose to appeal to the parliament to prosecute his wife's murderers. They demanded the key of his study, which he surrendered. The order was then given to take him with the other accused persons to the prison at Montpellier.

When the marquis reached the town, the news of his arrival spread from street to street with incredible swiftness. It was quite dark, and every window was soon ablaze with light. A number of men came out of their houses with torches, and formed a brilliant escort for the marquis, whose features could be seen with perfect

distinctness in the bright light. Both he and the priest were mounted upon wretched hired hacks, and surrounded by archers, to whom, doubtless, M. de Ganges owed his life; for the public rage was so intense against him, that every man was inciting his neighbor to tear him to pieces, and it certainly would have been done, had he not been so closely guarded.

Madame de Rossan, as soon as the news of her daughter's death reached her ears, took possession of all her property, and took up the prosecution with great vigor, declaring that she would not desist from her efforts until her daughter's murder was avenged.

M. Catalan at once began the investigation; the first examination to which the marquis was subjected lasted eleven hours. Soon after he and his fellow-prisoners were transferred from Montpellier to Toulouse. Thither they were followed by an overwhelming memorial to the parliament from Madame de Rossan, wherein she demonstrated with absolute certainty the marquis' participation in the crime of his brothers, in spirit and in purpose at least, if not in the overt act.

The defence put forward by the marquis was very simple. He said that he was so unfortunate as to have for brothers two villains who had first attacked the honor, and then the life of a woman whom he loved dearly; that they had caused her death in fearful agony; and to cap the climax of his woe, he, although absolutely innocent, was accused of having himself had a share in her death.

The judicial investigation, minute and painstaking as it was, established nothing against the marquis save moral presumptions, which were apparently deemed by the judges insufficient to justify sentence of death.

And so, on August 21, 1667, a decree was handed

down, whereby the Abbé and Chevalier de Ganges were sentenced to be broken alive on the wheel, and the marquis to perpetual banishment from the kingdom; in addition, his property was declared confiscated to the State, and he was deprived of his title of nobility and declared incapable of succeeding to the property of his children. The priest, Perrette, was sentenced to the galleys for life, having first been deprived of his priestly orders by the ecclesiastical power.

This decree created an excitement equal to that caused by the murder itself, and gave rise to long and vehement discussions at a time when the doctrine of extenuating circumstances had not been invented. The point was this: the marquis was guilty of complicity, or he was not; if he was not, his punishment was too severe; if he was, the sentence was too light.

Such was evidently the opinion of Louis XIV., who did not forget the exceeding beauty of Madame la Marquise de Ganges; for some time after, when it was supposed that he had altogether forgotten this gruesome affair, he was implored to pardon the Marquis de la Donze, accused of poisoning his wife.

"There is no need of a pardon," the king replied, "for he belongs to the parliament of Toulouse, and the Marquis of Ganges got clear of that body very easily."

It goes without saying that the poetasters did not allow this lamentable occurrence, which resulted in the death of one of the loveliest women of the age, to pass without a multitude of *bouts-rimés* and madrigals; and we refer those of our readers who are interested in this variety of literature to the foot-note, where we have placed two of the best, or rather of the least execrable

examples which we were able to find in the journals and memoirs of the time.*

As our readers cannot fail, if they have taken any interest at all in the terrible story we have been telling, to desire to know what became of the murderers, we will venture to follow them until their final disappearance, some in the shadow of the tomb, and others in the darkness of oblivion.

* I.

Dieux ! si rien ici-bas n'arrive à l' aventure,
Quel démon mit au jour ce cruel chevalier
Dont le bras inhumain s'est rendu meurtrier
De l'objet le plus beau qui fût dans la nature ?

Ah ! détestable main ! si cette créature
N'a pu par tant d'appas te vaincre et te lier,
De quel autre pouvoir craindras-tu la censure ?
L'honneur ni la pitié n'oseraient te prier.

L'enfer fremit d'horreur après ton sacrilège,
Et jamais ses bourreaux n'auront le privilège
D'exercer contre toi de telles cruautés !

Achève, traître, achève, et par tes coups . . . tragiques,
Imite l'attentat des plus fiers hérétiques
Fais mourir les divinités.

II.

LE QUERELLE DES DEUX ASSASSINS.

Qui de vous emporte l'honneur de l' aventure,
Abbé désespéré, perfide chevalier,
Qui de l'empoisonneur ou bien du meurtrier
Doit faire plus d'horreur à toute la nature ?

Vous avez mis à mort l'aimable créature
Qui vit parfois en vain les Dieux la sup plier
Celle dont la vertu méprisa la censure,
On la vit à vos pieds, mais en vain, vous prier.

Couple lâche et maudit, profane et sacrilège,
Cessez de vous choquer par un tel privilège ;
L'un et l'autre assassin excelle en cruauté.

Vous êtes deux acteurs également tragiques ;
Vos coups plus dangereux ceux des hérétiques
Ont su rendre mortelle une divinité.

The priest, Perrette, was the first to pay his debt to the powers on high; he died on the way from Toulouse to the galleys at Brest.

The chevalier went to Venice and took service in the army of the Most Serene Republic, which was then at war with the Turk, and was sent to Candia, which the Mussulmans had been besieging for twenty-two years. Almost as soon as he arrived there, as he was walking on the fortifications with two other officers, a shell burst at their feet, and one of the fragments killed the chevalier, although no one of his companions was hurt in the least. The incident was therefore looked upon as a direct interposition from on high.

The abbé's story is longer and more exciting. He left the chevalier in the suburbs of Genoa, and traveled through Piedmont, a part of Switzerland, and a corner of Germany, to Holland, where he took the name of Lamartellière. After considerable hesitation, as to the place where he should finally take up his abode, he retired to Viane, of which the Count of Lippe was then the ruler. He became acquainted there with a gentleman who presented him to the count as a Frenchman driven from France on account of his religious belief.

In their first interview the count discovered that this stranger, who sought shelter in his dominions, was not only a very bright man, but a man of very solid parts, and when he found that he was thoroughly at home in literature and the sciences, he proposed to him that he should take charge of the education of his son, who was then nine years old. Such a proposition meant fortune to the Abbé de Ganges, and we may be sure that he did not refuse it.

He was one of those men who have a vast amount of self-control, and as soon as he saw that his interest, nay

even his very life, required him to do so, he kept back with the utmost care every indication of the evil passions that were in him, and exhibited none but his good qualities. He devoted himself to training the heart of his pupil no less than his mind, and succeeded in making a most accomplished prince of him. The Count of Lippe made the most of the wisdom and learning which he had under his hand, and soon began to consult the preceptor upon all affairs of state, so that it was not long before the pseudo-Lamartellière, although he held no office, was the active spirit of the little principality.

The countess had in her family a young kinswoman, without means, but nobly born, of whom she was extremely fond. She was quick to perceive that the poor child had conceived for her son's preceptor a sentiment which was not consonant with her high rank, but which the false Lamartellière, emboldened by his constantly increasing influence, had done all that he could to arouse and inflame. The countess thereupon sent for her cousin to come to her room, and having forced her to confess her love, told her that she herself was certainly much attached to her son's governor, and that she and her husband expected to requite the services he had rendered their family and the State by a proper pension and valuable offices; but that when one's name was Lamartellière, when one had neither distant relatives nor immediate family whom one could acknowledge, it was soaring rather high to aspire to the hand of a maiden who was connected with a ruling house. She added that she did not mean that she should insist upon her cousin becoming betrothed to a Bourbon, but she did desire that her husband should be somebody, were it only a Gascon or Poitevin gentleman.

The countess' youthful cousin repeated this discourse to her lover, word for word, expecting that he would be overwhelmed by it. But he replied simply that if there was no other obstacle but his birth he would soon remove that. Having passed eight years with the prince, amid constant manifestations of the utmost confidence and consideration, he felt sufficiently sure of his goodwill to venture to reveal his real name.

He requested audience of the countess, and his request was granted on the instant. He bowed to the ground, and said :

"Madame, I flattered myself that your Highness honored me with your esteem ; and yet you are placing obstacles in the way of my happiness to-day. Your Highness' cousin has consented to accept me as her husband, and the prince, your son, favors my suit, and pardons my presumption. Pray what have I done to you, Madame, that I find you alone in opposition to me ? What have I done during the eight years I have been in your Highness' service, to arouse your displeasure ? "

"You have done nothing at all, Monsieur, and I have no reproaches to make ; but I do not choose to be reproached myself for having consented to such a marriage. I believed you to be a man of too much good sense to force me to remind you that so long as you confined yourself to reasonable requests, and restrained your ambition within reasonable limits, you have had every reason to be content with my gratitude. Do you ask to have your salary doubled ? That can easily be done. Do you want an office ? You shall have it. But do not forget yourself, Monsieur, so far as to aspire to an alliance, which you ought not to expect that you will ever form."

"But, Madame," rejoined the suitor, "who said that

my birth was so obscure that it should deprive me of all hope of obtaining your consent?"

"Why you yourself, Monsieur," replied the countess in amazement; "or, if you did not actually say it, your name said it for you."

"Suppose that name were not mine, Madame," said the abbé, growing bolder; "suppose that unfortunate circumstances, terrible, fatal in their results, compelled me to assume that name in order to conceal another which is unhappily too notorious, would your Highness then be so unjust as not to change your opinion?"

"Monsieur," the countess replied, "you have said so much now that you must say the rest; tell me who you are; and if, as your words imply, you are of noble birth, I promise you that no want of fortune shall stand in your way."

"Alas! Madame," cried the abbé, falling on his knees; "my name, I am very sure, is only too well-known to your Highness, and at this moment I would gladly give half of my blood if you had never heard it; but as you say, Madame, I have gone too far to go back. I am that wretched Abbé de Ganges, whose crimes are well-known to you, and of whom I have heard you speak more than once."

"The Abbé de Ganges!" cried the countess in a tone of the utmost horror; "the Abbé de Ganges! You are the execrable Abbé de Ganges, whose name alone is enough to make one shudder? And to you, infamous assassin, we entrusted the education of our only son! Oh! I hope for all our sakes that you are saying what is not true, Monsieur; for if I thought that you were telling the truth, I believe I would order your arrest on the spot, and send you back to France to undergo your punishment. The best course you can pursue, if what

you say is true, is to leave not simply this château, but the city, the principality without an instant's delay, and I shall be tortured sufficiently all the rest of my days, every time that I remember that for seven years I slept beneath the same roof with you." .

The abbé tried to reply, but the countess spoke so loud that the young prince, whom the preceptor had won over to his interest, and who was listening at the door, concluded that his friend's affairs were progressing badly, and entered the room to try to readjust them. He found his mother in such a state of alarm, that she drew him to her side instinctively, as if to take him under her protection, and all that he could obtain by his prayers and entreaties, was that his preceptor should be at liberty to withdraw, unmolested, to any other country on the globe that he might choose, but with an express agreement never to show his face to the Count and Countess of Lippe again.

The abbé went to Amsterdam, where he became a teacher of languages; there his mistress soon joined him and they were married. His pupil, whom his parents had failed, even by telling him the false Lamartelière's real name, to imbue with the horror which they felt for him, assisted him from his own means as long as he needed assistance. This lasted until his wife came of age, and entered into possession of some property which was under her own control. His exemplary conduct, and his learning, which persistent, earnest study had made more profound, soon led to his admission to the Protestant consistory; and there he died after an exemplary life, concerning which God alone can say whether it was the result of hypocrisy or of true repentance.

The Marquis de Ganges, sentenced as we have seen to deportation and to have his property confiscated, was

escorted to the frontier of Savoy and there allowed to go free. After remaining abroad some two or three years, to give time for the public indignation at the terrible catastrophe in which he had taken part to die away, he returned to France; and as there was no one who was at all interested to molest him, Madame de Rossan being dead, he returned to his château at Ganges, where he led a life of almost perfect seclusion. M. de Baviile, intendant of Languedoc, learned that he had broken his ban; but at the same time it was hinted to him that the marquis was a zealous Catholic and compelled his servants to attend mass, whatever their religion. It was the time of the fiercest persecution of those of the Reformed religion, and the marquis' zeal seemed to M. de Baviile to do much more than atone for the peccadillo of which he was accused. Consequently, instead of causing his arrest, he secretly entered into correspondence with him, assuring him that he would be allowed to remain in France, and urging him on to renewed zeal in religious matters.

Twelve years passed thus. Meanwhile the young son of the marchioness, whom we have already seen at his mother's death-bed, had attained his twentieth year; he was quite wealthy, having been put in possession of his father's property by his uncle, and having divided his mother's inheritance with his sister; and he was married to a wealthy and beautiful young woman of family, Mlle. de Moissac. When he was called upon for service in the field, he took his young wife to the Château de Ganges, and placed her under his father's care.

The Marquis de Ganges was forty-two years old at this time, but appeared little more than thirty. He was one of the handsomest men that ever lived. He fell in love with his daughter-in-law, and sought to win her

love; but in order to forward his designs upon her, he first sent away, on the pretext of her religion, a young woman who had been her constant companion from childhood, and to whom she was devotedly attached.

This measure, of which the young marchioness had no conception of the real purpose, grieved her beyond description. It was with great reluctance that she came at all to the old château, the scene of the still recent, blood-curdling tragedy we have described. She slept in the very room in which the deed was done, and in the bed which the former marchioness occupied. Always before her eyes was the window through which the poor creature made her escape, and everything, even to the smallest piece of furniture, reminded her of the shocking affair. But it was immeasurably worse when it became impossible to remain longer in doubt as to her father-in-law's intentions, when she found that she was the object of an unholy passion on the part of the man, whose mere name had made her turn pale with terror in her childhood, and when, day after day, she was compelled to remain tête-à-tête with one whom public opinion still looked upon as a murderer. Perhaps in any other place the forlorn, friendless girl might have found some strength in pouring out her sorrows to God; but in that place, where God had permitted one of the loveliest and purest women that He ever made, to die a cruel death, she dared not call upon Him, for he seemed to have turned His eyes away from that family.

She waited therefore in growing fear, passing her days so far as she was able with such women of condition as there were in the little town of Ganges, some of whom, having been eye-witnesses of her mother-in-law's assassination, added to her terror by the accounts they gave her of the dastardly deed; and she, with the desperate

obstinacy of fear, made them repeat them over and over again. At night she passed most of her time on her knees, fully dressed, and trembling at the slightest sound ; she hardly dared breathe until daylight, when she would venture to lie down and rest for an hour or two.

At last the marquis' advances became so unequivocal and pressing that Mlle. de Moissac resolved to extricate herself at any price. Her first thought was to write to her father, describe her position to him, and ask him to help her ; but he was a newly-converted Catholic, who had suffered much in the cause of the Reformed religion, so that her letter to him would certainly be unsealed by the marquis, on the plea of religion, and thus this step would very likely be her ruin instead of saving her. There was, therefore, but one course for her to pursue ; her husband had always been a Catholic ; her husband was a captain of dragoons, faithful in serving the king, and faithful in serving God ; and there would be no available pretext for breaking the seal of her letter to him. She determined therefore to write and lay before him her exact position, have the address written by another hand, and send the letter to Montpellier to be posted.

The young marquis was at Metz when he received his wife's communication. On the instant all his childish memories awoke ; he could see himself standing by his dying mother's bed-side, swearing never to forget her and to pray for her every day. The image of his wife, whom he loved to adoration, then presented itself to his mind ; in the same room, exposed to the same outrages, and in danger perhaps of coming to the same end. The thought was sufficient to lead him to take a decisive step. He traveled post to Versailles, requested an audience of the king, and having obtained it threw

himself at the feet of Louis XIV. with his wife's letter in his hand, imploring him to compel his father to return to exile, where he swore upon his honor that he would send him whatever he needed to enable him to live in the style becoming his rank.

The king did not know that the Marquis de Ganges had broken his ban, and the way in which he learned it was not calculated to incline him to forgive such defiance of the decrees of his courts. He therefore ordered that the prosecution of the Marquis de Ganges should be pursued with the utmost rigor of the law if he should be found in France.

Fortunately for the marquis, the Comte de Ganges, the only one of his brothers who had remained in France, and who was in favor at court, learned of the order in time; he set out from Versailles at once, and traveled by forced journeys to Ganges, to warn his brother of the danger by which he was threatened. They left Ganges together and withdrew to Avignon. At this time the Comtat Venaissin still belonged to the pope, and being governed by a vice-legate was considered foreign territory. There the marquis found Madame d'Urban, his daughter, who did all that she could to keep him with her. But such a course would have been to defy the king's orders too publicly, and the marquis did not dare to remain so much in evidence, for fear that some ill might befall him. So he withdrew to the little village of Isle, which lies in a charming situation near the fountain of Vancluse. There he disappears from sight; nothing more was ever heard of him, and in 1835 when I myself was traveling in the South, I sought in vain for indications which might help me to discover some of the circumstances connected with the death of this man, following upon such a notorious, stormy life.

As we have mentioned the name of Madame d'Urban in connection with the later years of her father, the Marquis de Ganges, we must needs follow her amid the strange events of her life, however scandalous they may prove to be. It was the destiny of this extraordinary family to occupy the attention of France for nearly a century, sometimes by its crimes, and at other times by its oddities.

After the death of the marchioness, her daughter, who was then six years old, was left with the dowager marchioness. When she attained the age of twelve, her grandmother presented to her as her future husband the Marquis de Perraut, who had formerly been her own lover. He was a septuagenarian, born during the reign of Henri IV., had known the court of Louis XIII., and the early years of Louis XIV., and was still one of the most polished and popular nobles; he had retained the fascinating manners of those days of gallantry, and the child, for she was nothing more, who had no idea what marriage was, and had never seen any other man than this one, yielded without demur, and was delighted to become Madame la Marquise de Perraut.

The marquis, who was very wealthy, was at odds with his younger brother, and he had no other object in marrying than to gratify his intense hatred for him by depriving him of the succession, which would fall to him if the marquis should die without issue. Unfortunately he soon discovered that the expedient he had resorted to with that end in view was not likely to lead to any result. He did not despair, however, but waited a year or two, thinking every day that heaven would work a miracle in his favor; but every day that passed reduced the probability that any such miracle would happen, and as his hatred for his brother increased in proportion to the

hopelessness of being revenged upon him, he had recourse to a strange expedient, worthy of the ancients ; he sought, as the Spartans did before him, to obtain with the aid of another what heaven refused to himself.

The marquis was not obliged to seek long for a fit instrument of his vengeance. He had in his household a young page of some seventeen or eighteen years, the son of a friend of his, who died in reduced circumstances, and besought him on his death-bed to take charge of his son. He was a year older than his young mistress, and had found it impossible, being constantly with her day after day, to avoid falling madly in love with her ; and try as he would to conceal his passion, the poor child was too ignorant in the art of dissimulation to deceive the marquis, who was at first considerably disturbed by what he observed, but began to congratulate himself upon it as soon as he determined upon the course we have intimated.

The marquis was slow to make up his mind, but quick to act. He summoned his page, and having made him promise absolute secrecy, and given his word to purchase a regiment for him if he kept his promise, he told him what he desired him to do. The poor fellow expected nothing less than such a confidence, and thought at first that it was a ruse on the marquis' part to make him confess his passion. But the marquis who perceived his embarrassment, and quickly divined its cause, set his mind at rest by swearing to him upon his honor, that he would uphold him in anything he might do to attain the result which he desired. As the page himself really desired nothing so much at the bottom of his heart, the bargain was soon struck. The page bound himself by the most awful oath to keep the secret ; and the marquis, to assist him so far as lay in his power, furnished him

with the necessary funds to make a show of wealth ; for he did not believe that there was a woman in the world, however virtuous she might be, who could resist youth, beauty and fortune, all united in the same person. Unfortunately for him such a woman did exist, and that woman was his own wife.

The page was so eager to obey the marquis, that his mistress remarked the very first day the change occasioned by the sanction he had received, in his more assiduous attention to her wants, in the promptness with which he obeyed her commands and the rapidity with which he executed them, so that he might return to her side a few moments sooner. She was pleased with him for it, and thanked him in the innocence of her heart. A day or two later he appeared before her in a magnificent suit ; she thought that it became him immensely, and told him so, and amused herself by commenting upon all the details of his costume as she might have done with a new doll. All this familiarity served to increase the poor boy's passion, but in his mistress' presence he was as shy and trembling as Cherubino before his beautiful god-mother. Every day the marquis asked him what progress he was making, and the page had to confess that he was no farther advanced than the day before ; at that the marquis would grumble and scold, threaten to take away the fine clothes, to retract his promises, and, last and worst of all, to apply to somebody else. This last threat never failed to restore the youth's courage ; he would promise to be bolder the next day, and when the next day came he would employ it in saying thousands of loving words with his eyes to his mistress, of which she, in her innocence, understood not one. At last Madame de Perraut asked him one day why he looked at her so, and he ventured a hesitating avowal of his

love ; thereupon her demeanor suddenly changed, and she sternly ordered him out of the room.

The discomfited lover obeyed, and ran at once to confide his failure to the marquis. He seemed to share his chagrin very sincerely, but consoled him by saying that he had doubtless chosen an unpropitious moment ; that all women, even those of the easiest virtue, were cruel and unapproachable at certain times, and that he must wait a few days, making his peace meanwhile, and then seize some more favorable opportunity, and not be put off by a simple refusal. He emphasized his words with a well-filled purse, so that the page might, if necessary, win over the confidential maid of the marchioness.

Guided thus by the husband's ripe experience, the page assumed a very shame-faced and repentant bearing ; but for a day or two his mistress' sternness did not relax, notwithstanding his humility. At last, doubtless after due reflection, and consultation with her mirror and her maid, she concluded that the crime was not unpardonable ; so she read the culprit a long sermon, which he listened to with lowered eyes, then gave him her hand, forgave him, and took him back into her confidence on the same terms as before.

Affairs went on quietly for a week ; the page hardly raised his eyes, nor dared open his mouth, and the marchioness was beginning to regret the days when he used to look at her and talk with her, when, one fine morning as she was at her toilette, at which he was allowed to be present, he took advantage of the absence of her maid to throw himself at her feet, and say to her that he had tried in vain to conquer his love, and that, even though the weight of her indignation should crush him, he must say to her that it was boundless, would last forever, and was stronger than his life. The marchioness

undertook to show him the door, as she did the first time, but he was better advised, and instead of obeying her, he took her in his arms. She called and shrieked and broke the bell-cord, but the maid, acting in the interest of the marquis, had sent the other women out of the way, and took care not to answer the summons herself. The marchioness thereupon repelled force with force, extricated herself from the page's arms, and rushed to her husband's apartment, with her hair in disorder, her breast half bare, and far lovelier than ever; she threw herself into his arms, and demanded his protection against the insolent upstart who had insulted her. Imagine her amazement when, instead of the burst of furious anger which she anticipated, the marquis coldly replied that what she said was incredible; that the youth had always seemed to him to be most virtuous, and that he had no doubt that she had conceived a dislike for him for some trivial reason, and had taken this means of getting rid of him. He added that, great as was his love for her, and his desire to gratify her in every respect, he still begged her not to ask that of him, for the young man was his friend's son, and he looked upon him as his own by adoption. Thereupon the marchioness withdrew in confusion, utterly unable to understand such a reply, and resolved, failing her husband's protection, to protect herself by maintaining an attitude of stern unapproachableness.

From that moment she was so reserved and distant with the forlorn young man, that his sincere love for her would have driven him mad with grief, if he had not had the marquis to encourage and embolden him. And yet even he began to despair, and his wife's virtue became more of a burden to him than most other men find the impurity of their wives. At last, seeing that matters

were making no progress at all, and that the marchioness refused to be mollified, he resolved to resort to extremes. He concealed the page in a closet in his wife's bedroom ; when she was in her first sleep, he rose and went softly out of the room, locking the door behind him, and then listened attentively to hear what might take place.

Less than ten minutes had passed when there was a great uproar, which the page seemed to be trying in vain to quiet. The marquis hoped that he would succeed, but as the noise increased every moment he knew that his plan had failed once more. Soon he heard cries for help, for the bell-cord had been raised out of her reach so that she could not ring ; as her cries met with no response he heard her jump out of bed and run to the door, and, finding it closed, run to the window, which she tried to open.

It was evident that the catastrophe of the drama was approaching, and the marquis decided to go in, lest some accident should happen, or his wife's shrieks attract the attention of some belated passer-by, who would amuse the town with the fable the next day. As soon as the marchioness caught sight of him she ran to his arms.

" Well, Monsieur," she gasped, pointing to the page ; " will you now hesitate to relieve me from this insolent villain ? "

" Yes, Madame," he replied, " for this same insolent villain has been acting for three months past, not merely with my consent, but by my orders. "

The marchioness was struck dumb. Thereupon her husband, without sending the page away, explained to her all that had taken place, and begged her to gratify his ardent desire to have an heir, whom he would look upon as his own child if she bore it. But the marchioness replied, with dignity remarkable in one of her age,

that his power over her had limits which the law imposed, and not such as it might please him to substitute for them, and that, however desirous she might be to do what would gratify him, she would never obey him at the risk of her salvation, and the expense of her honor.

This uncompromising reply demonstrated to the marquis that he must renounce all hope of obtaining an heir from his wife; but as the page was not to be blamed, he fulfilled his promise by purchasing a regiment for him, and resigned himself to having the most virtuous spouse in France. His repentance was not of long duration, however, for he died three months later, after confiding to his friend, the Marquis d'Urban, the cause of his chagrin.

The Marquis d'Urban had a son of marriageable age, and he thought that he could find no more suitable wife for him than one whose virtue had come out triumphant from such a test. When the established period of mourning had elapsed, he presented the young marquis, who succeeded in making his attentions acceptable to the lovely widow, and soon became her husband. More fortunate than his predecessor, the Marquis d'Urban at the end of three years had three heirs to blight the hopes of his collateral relations, when the Chevalier de Bouillon made his appearance in the capital of the Comtat Venaissin.

The Chevalier de Bouillon was a perfect type of the roués of the time, handsome, young, well-formed, the nephew of a powerful cardinal and very proud of his connection with a family which enjoyed sovereign privileges. The chevalier in his fatuous conceit spared no one of the gentler sex, and his conduct in that regard greatly scandalized the circle of Madame de Maintenon, who was just beginning to be a power in the State. One of his friends, being personally cognizant of the fact

that Louis XIV., who was just assuming the rôle of devotee, had expressed dissatisfaction with him, thought he was doing him a service by warning him that the king *kept a tooth against him*.*

"*Pardieu !*" replied the chevalier, "it's very unfortunate for me that the only tooth he has left should have been kept to bite me."

This quip went the rounds, and came to the king's ears, the result being that the chevalier received a sufficiently direct intimation that he would do well to travel for a few years. He knew the danger of disregarding such hints, and preferred the provinces to the Bastille ; so he left Paris and went to Avignon where he aroused the interest which inevitably attaches to a handsome young nobleman who is under the ban.

Madame d'Urban's virtue was as fruitful a source of admiration at Avignon, as the chevalier's misconduct was of scandal at Paris. A reputation equal to his own, but of so utterly distinct a variety, could not fail to give unbrage to him ; and as soon as he arrived he set about pitting the one against the other.

Nothing could have been easier than it was for him to make the attempt, M. d'Urban was so sure of his wife's virtue that he put no restraint whatever upon her ; the chevalier saw her as often as he chose, and whenever he saw her, he exhibited every indication of a constantly growing passion for her. Whether it was simply that Madame d'Urban's hour had come, or that the chevalier's connection with a family of royal blood dazzled her, her virtue, until then so fierce, melted like the snow beneath the rays of the sun in May ; the chevalier, more favored by fortune than the page, took her husband's place, and it did not once occur to her to cry for help.

* *Gardait une dent*, that is, "had a grudge."

As the chevalier's only purpose was to achieve a public triumph, he lost no time in taking the whole city into his confidence; but as some obstinate individuals still doubted, he ordered one of his servants to wait at the marquis' door with a lantern and a bell. At one o'clock in the morning the chevalier left the house, and the servant immediately walked off in front of him, ringing the bell. At this unusual sound, many worthy citizens awoke from their peaceful slumbers, and being curious to know what was going on ran to their windows. They saw the chevalier marching soberly along behind his servant, who was lighting the way for him, and jangling his bell. As he had made no secret of his good fortune to anyone, no one took the trouble to ask him whence he came; but as there might be some who were still incredulous, he repeated the performance three nights in succession for his own satisfaction, and on the fourth day, every doubt was dissipated.

As ordinarily happens in such cases Monsieur d'Urban had no idea of what was going on until his friends informed him that he was the talk of the town. Thereupon he forbade his wife to see her lover again. This prohibition had the ordinary result. The next day as soon as M. d'Urban left the house, the marchioness sent word to the chevalier of their common disgrace; but she found him much better prepared for the blow than she was herself, and he tried to prove to her that it was all her fault, by reproving her for the imprudence of her conduct. The poor woman, thoroughly convinced that she was the cause of all his misfortunes, burst into tears. Meanwhile the marquis, whose jealousy, being the first he had ever known, was so much the more violent, had learned that the chevalier was with his wife; so he closed the doors and stationed himself in the ante-room

with his servants to seize him when he came out. But the chevalier, who was not particularly interested in Madame d'Urban's tears, heard the preparations that were being made to receive him, and, suspecting an ambuscade, opened the window. Although it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the square was full of people, he leaped down into the street, without receiving the slightest injury, and returned home at a moderate gait.

The same evening the chevalier, with the purpose of relating his latest adventure in all its details, invited some of his friends to sup with him at the shop of a pastry cook named Lecoq, brother of the famous Lecoq of Rue Montorgueil. He was the most successful *restaurateur* in Avignon; his own excessive corpulence was the most convincing eulogium of his kitchen, and he generally did duty as his own sign-post by standing in his doorway. The worthy man, knowing whom he had to deal with, did his best on the evening in question, and determined to wait upon his guests himself so that he might be sure that they lacked nothing. They passed the night in drinking, and towards morning, when they were all in a state of intoxication, they happened to spy mine host, standing respectfully by the door, with a broad smile on his expansive face. The chevalier called him to the table, poured a glass of wine for him, and forced him to drink with them; as the poor devil, confused by the honor, was thanking them with a succession of low reverences, the chevalier exclaimed:

"*Pardieu!* you are too fat for a *Coq*, and I propose to make a capon of you!"

This extraordinary suggestion was welcomed as it was sure to be, by a parcel of drunken men, whose rank generally assured them impunity. The ill-fated host

was seized and fastened down upon the table and died during the operation. The vice-legate was informed of the murder by one of the waiters who ran to his master when he heard his shrieks and found him bleeding to death in the hands of his murderers. His first impulse was to order the chevalier's arrest, and inflict condign and speedy punishment upon him. But he was deterred by his regard for the Cardinal de Bouillon, and contented himself by sending him word that if he did not leave the city at once he would hand him over to the authorities, and let justice take its course. The chevalier, who was beginning to have enough of Avignon, asked nothing better, so he ordered the wheels of his carriage to be greased, and his horses to be harnessed. While the preparations for departure were making, he was seized with the desire to see Madame d'Urban once more.

As her house was the last one at which he was expected, in view of the manner of his exit from it the day before, he had no difficulty in gaining admission; he fell in with Madame d'Urban's maid, who was in his pay, and was by her introduced to the apartments of the marchioness. She never expected to see him again and received him with the exuberant joy of which a woman who loves is capable, especially when it is a forbidden love. But the chevalier soon put an end to her transports by informing her that it was his farewell visit, and telling her at the same time why he was obliged to leave her. Like the women who pitied the horses that tore Damians asunder because it must have fatigued the poor beasts so, the marchioness had no pity save for the chevalier, who was driven out of Avignon for such a trifle.

At last the time came when they must say farewell,

and as the chevalier, not knowing what else to say, was complaining because he had no souvenir of his mistress, she took from the wall a frame which contained a portrait of herself side by side with one of her husband, tore them apart, made a roll of the canvas and handed it to the chevalier. But he, far from being touched by this proof of her love, laid the package upon a desk as he went out, and there the marchioness found it half an hour later. She fancied that he was so engrossed with the original that he had forgotten the copy, and imagining his despair at finding himself without it, she called a footman, gave him the canvas, and ordered him to mount and ride after the chevalier's carriage.

The footman succeeded by hard riding in catching sight of the chevalier just as fresh horses were being put to. He waved his arms and shouted to the postilion to wait for him. But when he reported to the chevalier that a man was coming after them at breakneck speed, he thought he was pursued, and ordered him to spare neither whip nor spur. His order was complied with so thoroughly that the poor footman did not succeed in overtaking the carriage for another league and a half. He stopped the postilion, dismounted, and with great respect handed the chevalier the package he had in charge.

The chevalier, who had recovered from his first fright, sent him to the devil, and told him to take the portrait back to her who sent it, as he had no use for it. But the footman, faithful to his mission, replied that his orders were explicit, and that he should not dare to return to his mistress without executing them. Thereupon, seeing that the man's obstinacy was not to be overcome, the chevalier sent the postilion to a farrier, whose forge was near by, for a hammer and four nails, and with his

own hand nailed the portrait on the back of his carriage. Then he got in again, told the postilion to hurry on, and drove away, leaving Madame d'Urban's messenger vastly astonished at the use he had made of his mistress' portrait.

At the next post, the postilion, who was to go no farther, demanded his money, but the chevalier replied that he had none. The postilion insisted, and the chevalier finally took down Madame d'Urban's portrait and told him that he had only to offer it for sale at Avignon and tell how it came into his possession, to sell it for twenty times his charge against him. The postilion saw that there was no possibility of getting anything else out of his passenger, so he accepted the pledge, and followed his instructions from point to point, exhibiting it the next day at the door of a second-hand furniture store with an exact account of its history. The same day the portrait was sold for twenty-five louis.

As may be imagined, this last episode furnished abundant food for the gossips. The next day Madame d'Urban disappeared, no one knew where, just as her husband's relatives were holding a meeting at which it was determined to petition the king for a *lettre de cachet*. One of those present at the meeting, who was starting for Paris the next day, was commissioned to take the necessary steps to that end, but, either because he did not go about it in the right way, or because he was in Madame d'Urban's interest, nothing was ever heard at Avignon of the result of his endeavors. Meanwhile Madame d'Urban, who had taken refuge with an aunt, entered into negotiations with her husband, which met with perfect success, and a month after the affair she returned to his house in triumph.

Two hundred pistoles, which were furnished by the

Cardinal de Bouillon, appeased the relatives of the ill-starred pastry cook, who at first denounced the brutal affair to the authorities, but soon withdrew their complaint, announcing that they had been in too much of a hurry to institute proceedings on the strength of a fairy tale, and that upon fuller investigation they were satisfied that their kinsman died of a sudden attack of apoplexy.

Thanks to this declaration, which exculpated the chevalier in the king's eyes, he was able to return to France without fear of further molestation, after an absence of two years in Italy and Germany.

Thus ended, not the family of Ganges, but the commotion they made in the world. From time to time the playwright or the novelist exhumes the pale and bleeding countenance of the marchioness, and shows her to the world upon the stage, or in the pages of a book ; but the evocation is always limited to her alone, and very many who have written about the mother have no idea what became of the children. It was our purpose to fill this gap ; and for that reason we chose to do what our predecessors have not done, and to put before our readers what the theatre, and not infrequently the world, puts before them—comedy following upon the heels of tragedy.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

KARL LUDWIG SAND.

1819.

On the twenty-second of March, 1819, about nine o'clock in the morning, a young man of some twenty-three or four years, wearing the costume of a German student, which consisted of a short coat with silk loops, tight-fitting trousers and short boots, stopped upon a slight elevation about three-fourths of the way from Kaiserthal to Mannheim, whence the latter town could be seen lying calm and peaceful in the midst of its gardens, which were fortifications once upon a time, and which to-day surround and compress it like a girdle of flowers and greenery. He removed his cap, upon which three oak-leaves intertwined were worked in gold above the vizor, and stood for a moment bare-headed in the fresh breeze which blew from the valley of the Necker.

At first sight his irregular features produced a strange effect upon the beholder; but soon, thanks to the pallor of his countenance, which was deeply pitted with small-pox, to the haunting softness of his eyes, and to his long, waving black hair, which grew in great profusion about his broad, noble forehead, one inevitably yielded, without thought of resistance, to a melancholy and illogical feeling of sympathy with him.

Although it was still early, he seemed to have traveled a long distance already, for his boots were covered with dust. But it was evident that he was approaching his destination; for he dropped his cap, thrust his long

pipe, the inseparable companion of the German *bursch*, into his belt, took a little memorandum book from his pocket, and wrote therein with a pencil :

"Left Wenheim at five a. m., and arrived in sight of Mannheim at quarter after nine. May God give me His assistance !"

He then replaced the book in his pocket, stood still for a moment, moving his lips as if in prayer, picked up his cap, and went on toward Mannheim with firm and assured step.

This young student was Karl Ludwig Sand, who had come from Jena, by way of Frankfort and Darmstadt, for the purpose of assassinating Kotzebue.

As we are about to place before the eyes of our readers one of those terrible deeds which can be estimated at their true importance by no other judge than the conscience, we must crave their permission to enlighten them as fully as possible concerning the antecedents of this man, whom kings looked upon as a mere assassin, his judges as an *illuminé*, and youthful Germany as a martyr.

Karl Ludwig Sand was born October 5, 1795, at Wonsiedel, in the mountains of Fichtel. He was the youngest son of Godfrey Christopher Sand, first president of the "Council of Justice of the King of Prussia, and Dorothea Joanna Wilhelmina Schapf, his wife. There were two brothers older than he, George, who was a merchant at St. Gall, and Fritz, a barrister, in the Court of Appeal at Berlin, also an older sister named Caroline, and a younger sister, named Julia.

While he was still a child in arms he was attacked by the most malignant form of small-pox. The virus spread through his whole system, laid bare his ribs, and almost ate into his skull. For several months he lay between

life and death, but at last life won the day. He was very weak and sickly until his seventh year, when he had an attack of brain fever, which endangered his life again. But he found his compensation in the fact that when the fever left him it seemed to have taken with it every trace of the earlier illness. From that moment health and strength seemed to come to him with every breath he drew; but during his two long illnesses, his education had remained in abeyance, and his studies did not begin until he was eight years old. As his physical sufferings had greatly retarded the development of his intellectual qualities, he found it necessary to apply himself with twice the zeal required by others to attain the same result.

The heroic efforts made by young Sand, when he was a mere boy, to overcome the defects of his constitution, attracted the attention of Professor Salfranck, a man of learning and distinction, and rector of the academy at Hof. He became so deeply attached to him that, when he was appointed to the directorship of the college at Regensburg, he could not bear to part from his pupil, and took him with him. In that town, when he was eleven years old, Sand first gave proof of his courage and love of his kind.

One day he was walking out with some young friends when he heard a cry for help. He ran at once in the direction of the cry, and found that a small boy of eight or nine had fallen into a pond. In a twinkling, and without a thought for his fine holiday suit, of which he was nevertheless very proud, he leaped into the water, and after incredible exertions for a child of his years, succeeded in bringing the drowning lad ashore.

A year or two later Sand was more active and adroit and resolute than many who were much older than he,

and he frequently amused himself by fighting battles against the youth of his own and the neighboring villages. The scene of these childish combats, feeble and harmless imitations of the terrible battles which were staining German soil red at that period, was generally a level plain stretching from the village of Wonsiedel to Mount St. Catherine. On the summit of the mountain were the ruins of a feudal castle, among them a tower in a perfect state of preservation. Sand, who was one of the most eager combatants, after his side had been beaten several times because of its numerical weakness, determined to do away with that disadvantage by fortifying St. Catherine's Tower, and to fall back upon it if fortune was unpropitious in the next battle. He informed his companions of his plan, and they received it with wild enthusiasm. They spent a whole week collecting all possible means of defence in the tower, and repairing the doors and stairways. These preparations were made so secretly that the hostile army had no suspicion of them.

The fateful Sunday arrived; their holidays were then days of battle. Whether for very shame at having been whipped the last time, or for some other reason, many of Sand's troops absented themselves, and his force was even weaker than usual. But he was none the less determined to fight, having made due provision for his retreat. The first encounter lasted but a very short time; one party was too weak to make a long resistance, and began at once to fall back, in as good order as it was possible to maintain, upon St. Catherine's Tower, which they succeeded in reaching without serious injury. Some at once ascended to the galleries, and while the others were holding the foe at bay at the foot of the tower, began to shower stones down upon the

conquerors. They were taken completely by surprise by this novel means of defence which had never been resorted to before, and fell back a short distance; the remainder of the retreating force seized the opportunity to enter the tower, and close the door.

Great was the amazement of the besiegers; they had always known the door to be absolutely useless, and lo! it suddenly resisted all their attacks and effectively sheltered the besieged from their blows. Three or four of them were detailed to go in search of implements with which they might break the door in, the others meanwhile maintaining the blockade.

In half an hour the messengers returned, not only with a supply of pickaxes and crowbars, but with a considerable reinforcement of young people from the village where they procured their siege-tools. The assault was at once begun. Sand and his companions defended themselves with the utmost desperation, but it soon became evident that the garrison would be forced to surrender, unless they were relieved. Some one suggested that one should be selected by lot to take his life in his hand, leave the tower, make his way through the hostile lines as best he could, and appeal for assistance to the other lads of Wonsiedel, who had basely remained at home. The recital of the dangerous plight of their comrades, and the shame of a capitulation which would involve the whole village, ought certainly, they thought, to overcome their sloth, and induce them to make a diversion which would enable the garrison to attempt a sortie.

The suggestion was adopted, but instead of leaving the decision to chance, Sand proposed to undertake the mission himself. As they all knew him to be brave and clever and active, his proposition was unanimously

accepted, and the new Decius prepared to put it in execution.

The enterprise was by no means without danger; there were only two possible means of egress from the tower, one by way of the door where capture by the enemy seemed inevitable, the other by leaping down from an outer gallery which was so far from the ground that the besiegers never even thought of guarding it. Sand, without a moment's hesitation, went up to the gallery, and after repeating a short prayer (for he was deeply religious even in his boyish sports) leaped to the ground, without the least fear, but with the most opportune confidence in his lucky star; the distance was twenty-two feet!

He darted off at once to Wonsiedel, and arrived there safely, although the enemy sent their swiftest runners after him. The besieged took courage from his success, and redoubled their exertions against their assailants, anticipating great things from Sand's eloquence which gave him very great influence over his young companions. And within half an hour he appeared at the head of some thirty children of his own age, armed with slings and cross-bows. The besieging force, on the point of being attacked in front and rear, realized the disadvantages of their position, and withdrew. Thus the victory perched upon Sand's banner, and all the honor of the day was his.

We have given this anecdote at length because the child's character, as there displayed, accurately foreshadowed the character of the man. As we go on, we shall observe its development amid trivial as well as momentous events, always calm and tranquil, and superior to prejudice and base motives.

About the same time Sand had two almost miraculous

escaped from serious danger. One day a hod filled with plaster fell from a scaffolding and broke at his feet. At another time, the Prince of Coburg, who was lodging with Sand's parents while the King of Prussia was taking the waters at Alexandria, was returning from a drive with four horses on the gallop, and overtook Karl under a gateway. If he turned to the right or left he ran the risk of being crushed between the wheels and the wall, and the coachman could not check his team; Sand threw himself flat on the ground, the equipage passed on, and neither horses nor wheels made the slightest scratch upon him.

From that moment, many looked upon him as predestined for great things, and said that the hand of God was on him.

Meanwhile Europe was being shaken to its centre by momentous events which transformed the child prematurely into a young man. Napoleon held a heavy hand upon Germany like another Sennacherib. Staps essayed to play the part of Mucius Scaevola, and died a martyr.

Sand was then at Hof, employed in his good friend Professor Salfranck's institution. He learned that the man whom he looked upon as the antichrist was to hold a review in that town, and he at once took his leave and returned to his father. When questioned as to his reasons for taking that step, he replied :

"Because I could not stay in the same town with Napoleon without trying to kill him, and my hand is not steady enough for that as yet."

This was in 1809, and Sand was fourteen years old.

The treaty of peace, which was signed on the fifteenth of October gave Germany some little respite, and made it possible for the young fanatic to resume his studies.

undisturbed by politics ; he was still engaged in improving his mind, when he learned, in 1811, that the academy was to be abandoned and replaced by an elementary school. Professor Salfranck was to be connected with the new institution, but his salary was reduced from one thousand to five hundred florins.

It was useless for Karl to remain at a primary school, where he could not continue his education. He wrote to his mother, telling her of the change, and with what equanimity the old philosopher had accepted it. It seems to us worth while to quote his mother's reply ; it will enable our readers to form an estimate of the character of this woman, whose stout heart never faltered under the most crushing sorrow. The letter bears the stamp of that German mysticism of which we in France have no idea.

"MY DEAR KARL :

"You could send me no more painful news than that of the misfortune which has befallen your teacher and adopted father ; however, terrible as it is, do not doubt that he will make the best of it, in order to afford his pupils a striking example of the submission which every subject owes to the king whom God has placed over him. Be assured that there is no other straightforward, upright manner of life than that which is founded on this time-worn maxim : 'Respect God, be just, and fear not.'

"Reflect too, that when the just man is subjected to notoriously unjust treatment, the public voice makes itself heard, and lifts up those who are cast down.

"But if contrary to all probability, it should happen otherwise in this case ; if God has chosen to put our friend's virtue to the supreme test of subjecting him to the contemptuous treatment of his fellow-men, if Providence has put him in its debt to that extent, believe

me when I say that Providence has the highest reward in store for him. All the objects that we see around us, and all the events which influence our lives, are mere machines set in motion by a more cunning hand than ours, to complete our education for a better world, in which we shall for the first time take our proper place. Keep careful and constant watch upon yourself therefore, my dear child, so that you may not take isolated grand and noble deeds for real virtue, and that you may be ready at any moment to do whatever your duty demands of you. In reality, you see, nothing is great and nothing is small, when one looks at things apart from one another; only by looking at the things as a whole, can we judge of their good or bad character

"Furthermore, God puts to the test only those hearts which He has endowed with strength to endure it, and the way in which you tell me that your good friend the professor bore his misfortune is a fresh proof of that great and immortal truth. Do you take pattern by him, my dear son, and if you must leave Hof for Bamberg, accept the situation courageously. There are three different kinds of education for a man; the education he receives from his parents, the one circumstances force upon him, and the one he procures for himself; if ill-fortune pursues you, pray God to give you strength to complete this last-named education worthily, for it is the most important of all.

"I also commend to you as a model the life and conduct of my father, of whom you have heard me say but little, because he died before you were born, but whom you alone resemble in mind among all your brothers and sisters. The disastrous fire which reduced his native town to ashes destroyed his fortune and his parents. Grief at the loss of his little all for the fire began in

the house next his, killed his father; and while his mother, who had been confined to her bed for six years by a painful disease, attended with frequent terrible convulsions, supported three little girls by working with her needle in the intervals between her paroxysms, he entered one of the largest business houses in Augsburg as a simple clerk. There his energetic nature and even disposition made him very useful; he learned a business, for which, by the way, he had little inclination, and returned to the house where he was born with a pure, unspoiled heart, to be the stay of his mother and sisters.

"Man can do much when he is determined to do much; add your efforts to my prayers, and leave the rest to God."

The prediction of the pious Puritan was fulfilled. A short time after, Professor Salfranck was appointed to a chair at Richemburg, whither Sand followed him; and there the events of 1813 found him. In March of that year he wrote to his mother:

"It is hard for me to find words to tell you, dear mother, how peaceful and happy I am beginning to feel, since it has been possible for me to believe in the enfranchisement of my fatherland, which, from what I hear on all sides, is so near at hand—my fatherland, which, in my trust in God, I already see, free and powerful—the fatherland, in a word, whose welfare, I would gladly undergo the greatest of ills, even death itself, to promote. Summon all your strength for the approaching crisis. If by chance it should extend to our beloved province, raise your eyes to the Omnipotent, then let them rest upon the lovely and luxuriant work of Nature. God's mercy, which saved and protected so many men during the disastrous Thirty Years' War, can and will do to-day all that it could and would do then."

Leipzig justified Sand's presentiments; then came 1814, and he believed that Germany was free.

On the tenth of December, 1814, he left Richemburg, armed with this testimonial from one of his instructors:

"Karl Sand is one of the few elect young men, who are distinguished at once by intellectual gifts and noble qualities of the heart. In application and capacity for work he surpasses all his fellow-students, which explains his rapid and thorough progress in all the philosophical and philological branches; in mathematics alone he requires some further study. He carries with him the heartfelt good-wishes of all his professors.

"Richemburg, fifteenth of September, 1814.

"J. A. KEYN,

"Director and Professor of the first class."

But this fertile soil, in which the professors sowed the seeds of knowledge, was really prepared by Sand's parents, especially by his mother. Sand was well aware of it, too, for on the eve of his departure for the University of Tübingen, where he was to finish the theological studies requisite for the clerical profession, which he proposed to adopt, he wrote to them:

"I freely confess that I, in common with all my brothers and sisters owe to you that important part of my education which I have noticed the lack of in most of those around me. Heaven alone can repay you for it, by the consciousness of having fulfilled your parental duties so nobly and so thoroughly."

After paying a visit to his brother at St. Gall, Sand went on to Tübingen, drawn thither in great measure by the reputation of Eschenmaier; he passed the winter quietly, and the only noteworthy incident in his life was his admission to a society of students, called "Teutonia."

Then came Easter, 1815, and with it the terrible news of Napoleon's debarkation at Gulf Juan. Immediately all the German youth capable of bearing arms rallied around the standards of 1813 and 1814. Sand followed the general example; but this action, which with others was the result of a moment of excitement and enthusiasm, was in his case the fruit of a calm and deliberate determination.

On this occasion he wrote thus to Wonsiedel:

" 22d of April, 1815.

" MY DEAR PARENTS :

" Hitherto you have found me always ready to submit to your precepts, and to follow the advice of my excellent professors; hitherto I have striven to render myself worthy of the education which God has bestowed upon me through you; I have diligently sought to acquire the power to spread God's word through my fatherland. For these reasons I am able to-day to inform you frankly of the step I have taken, feeling certain that as fond and indulgent parents you will consider the matter calmly, and as patriotic German parents will applaud my resolution rather than try to turn me from it.

" Again the fatherland calls for aid, and this time the call is addressed to me with the rest, for now I have the strength and the courage. It was only after a stubborn battle within my own breast, believe me, that I held aloof in 1813 when the first summons came, and nothing could have held me back then save the conviction that thousands of others would take the field and triumph for the well-being of Germany, and that I ought to live to practice the peaceful profession for which I was destined. But now the contest is for the preservation of our newly-won liberty, which in some

places has already borne such abundant fruit. God the Omnipotent and Merciful imposes this severe test upon us, which will surely be the last. It is for us to show that we are worthy of the priceless boon he has given us, and that we are capable of maintaining it with strength and resolution.

"The fatherland's danger has never been so great as at this moment, and therefore among the German youth, the strong should support the faltering, so that all may rise together. Already our gallant brothers of the north are flocking from all directions to their banners; the States of Wurtemberg are calling upon all the citizens to rise in a body, and from all sides volunteers are coming in, asking only an opportunity to die for their country.

"I, too, look upon it as my duty to fight for my country, and for all I hold dear. If I were not thoroughly convinced of this truth, I would not inform you of my determination; but my family is German to the heart's core, and would deem me a coward, an unworthy son, if I did not follow my impulse. I certainly feel that I am making a great sacrifice; it costs me a pang, believe me, to leave my studies, and put myself under the orders of vulgar, uneducated men, but the sacrifice increases my courage to help to ensure the freedom of my brothers; and then, too, I may, if God will deign to permit, return and preach His word, when the battle is won.

"I therefore take leave of you for a time, my revered parents, and of my brothers and sisters, and all who are dear to me. After careful deliberation it seems to me most fitting that I should serve with the Bavarians, and I propose to enlist for so long as the war lasts in a company of sharpshooters of that nation. Farewell, and God be with you; though far away, I shall always abide

by your pious exhortations. In my new path I trust that I shall remain pure in God's sight, and I shall try always to walk in the path which rises above earthly things and leads to heavenly things; and perhaps, in that career, the unspeakable bliss of saving some souls from falling may be reserved for me.

"Your dear image will abide with me always; I mean to keep God always before my eyes and in my heart, so that I may be able to endure joyfully the suffering and weariness of this holy war. Include me in your prayers; God will send you the hope of better times to come to assist you to endure the evil times in which we are living. We shall not meet again soon, unless we are victorious; and if we are conquered (which God forbid!) then my last wish—and I beg you, I conjure you to gratify it—my last, supreme wish is that you, my dear *German* parents, should leave an enslaved country for some other which is not under the yoke.

"But why harbor such saddening thoughts? Is not our cause a just and holy one, and is not God just and holy? Why, then, should we not be victorious? You see that I sometimes doubt; and so in your letters, which I await with the utmost impatience, have pity upon me and do not cast terror into my heart, for in any event we shall meet again in another country, where freedom and happiness will be ours.

"I am, until death, your grateful and obedient son,
"KARL SAND."

These two lines of Körner's were written by way of postscript:

"Perhaps we may see the star of liberty appear above the dead bodies of the enemy."

With this farewell to his parents, and Körner's verses on his lips, Sand laid aside his books, and on the tenth

of May we find him among the volunteer chasseurs under the command of Major Falkenhausen, who was then at Mannheim; he found his second brother already there, and they learned the manual of arms together.

Sand endured the great bodily fatigue of the campaign with marvelous courage, although he was unaccustomed to anything of the kind; he declined all the offers of his superiors to relieve him, for he was determined that no one should surpass him in the sacrifice he made for his country's good. In every march he shared all that he possessed with his comrades in true brotherly fashion, helping those who were weaker than he to carry their baggage, and sustaining them with helpful and encouraging words, when he could do naught else—priest and soldier at once.

At eight o'clock in the evening of June 18 he reached the battlefield of Waterloo. On the fourteenth of July he entered Paris.

On December 18, 1815, Karl Sand and his brother returned to Wonseidel to the great delight of their family. He passed the Christmas holidays and the New Year at home, but his zeal for his new calling would not permit him to remain longer inactive, and by January 7 he was at Erlangen.

In order to make up for the time he had lost he then determined to parcel out his days according to fixed and uniform rules, and to set down every evening all that he had done since morning. With the assistance of this journal we are able not only to follow the young enthusiast through every act of his life, but to read his every thought and detect every struggle of his conscience. In these pages he appears just as he really was, as simple-minded and innocent as a child, enthusiastic almost to madness, kind to others to the point of weakness, and

harsh to austerity to himself. One great source of sorrow to him was the expense of his education to his parents, and he was sure to regret every useless and costly pleasure in which he indulged.

For instance, he wrote on the ninth of February, 1816:

"I intended to visit my parents to-day. Consequently I went to the office, and I was much entertained there. N. and T. began joking with me about Wonsiedel, as they are eternally doing, and kept it up until eleven o'clock. After that they began to torment me to go to the *weinhaus* with them; I refused as long as I could, but as they finally seemed to think that I was putting on airs because I would not go and drink a glass of Rhine wine with them, I did not dare to refuse any longer. Unfortunately we did not stop with the Braunberger. As my glass was still half full, N. ordered a bottle of champagne. When that bottle had disappeared, T. ordered a second; and before that was all gone, they both ordered a third for me, regardless of my remonstrances. I returned to the house well fuddled, and tumbled on to the sofa, where I slept for an hour or more before I went to bed.

"Thus have I passed this shameful day, thinking far too little of my kind, hard-working parents, who find it hard to make both ends meet, and allowing myself to be tempted, by the example of those who have plenty of money, to spend four florins; they would have kept my whole family for two days, and I derived absolutely no benefit from my extravagance. Forgive me, Lord; forgive me, I beseech Thee, and hearken unto my oath that I will never be so led astray again. I mean to live henceforth a soberer life than I have done heretofore, to efface the traces of extravagance in my impoverished

treasury, so that I need not ask my mother for money before she is ready to send it to me of her own motion."

At the same time that the poor fellow was reproaching himself for having spent four florins, as if it were a crime, one of his cousins, a widow, died, leaving three small children. He at once hurried off to be the first to console the unfortunate orphans, begged his mother to take charge of the youngest, and, in his delight at her reply, wrote to her as follows :

"Heaven bless you, mother mine, for the keen joy your letter gave me, and for the endearing tone in which your heart speaks to me. As I hoped, and ought to have known, you will take little Julius ; it fills my heart anew with the most profound gratitude to you, especially as my confidence in your never-failing goodness of heart, led me to make our little cousin, before she died, the promise which you are now fulfilling for me."

In March, Sand, without being actually sick, had a slight indisposition, which compelled him to go to Redwitz to take the waters. It was some three or four leagues from Wonsiedel, and his mother was there at the time. Notwithstanding his desire to keep on with his studies without interruption, the baths and dinner-parties, and even the daily rides which his health required, interfered sadly with the wonted regularity of his life, and caused him many a pang of remorse. We find these lines in his journal under date of April 13 :

"Life is empty and profitless without some lofty aim to which all one's thoughts and actions tend. The way I have passed this day is a striking proof of what I have written ; I passed it with my own kin, and it certainly was a great pleasure to me ; but how did I pass it ? in eating from morning till night ; so that when I tried to work I could do nothing at all. This evening I dragged

myself lazily around to two or three societies, and came out feeling no better than when I went in."

For his riding, Sand used a small sorrel horse belonging to his brother, which he was much attached to. The purchase of the horse was a very serious matter, for, as we have said, the whole family were poor. The following entry, relating to this animal, will convey an idea of Sand's essential innocence of heart :

"19th April.

"I had a very happy day to-day, working beside my good mother. In the evening I returned to the house with the little sorrel. Since day before yesterday, when he stumbled and hurt his foot, he has been very restive and skittish. When we reached home he refused to eat. I thought at first that his food did not agree with him, and I gave him some lumps of sugar, and some sticks of cinnamon, which he is very fond of; he tasted them, but would not eat them. The poor little creature seemed to have some internal trouble in addition to his wounded foot. If he is foundered or sick, everybody, even my father and mother, will blame me for it, although I have taken the best of care of him and used him very moderately. Oh, Lord God! Thou who dost govern small things no less than great, turn aside this misfortune from me, and cure him as soon as possible. However, if Thou hast decided otherwise, and if this new disaster is to be visited upon us, I will try to endure it bravely, and as an expiation of some sin; I leave the matter in Thy hands, O God! as I leave my life and my soul."

On the twentieth he wrote :

"The little horse has recovered. God came to my aid."

German manners and customs are so different from ours, and strange contradictions in the same man are so

common across the Rhine, that nothing less than all the citations we have made, would enable our readers to form an idea of the mixture of innocence and good sense, of childishness and manliness, of depression and enthusiasm, of poetic conceptions and fondness for material details, which makes Sand's character well-nigh incomprehensible to us. We will proceed with the portrait, for the finishing touches are still lacking.

On his return to Erlangen, completely cured, Sand read "Faust" for the first time. At first he marveled at the great work, which he looked upon as the production of genius gone mad; but when he had read it through to the last word, he reconsidered his first impression, and wrote:

"4th of May.

"O fearful struggle between man and devil! I never knew until this moment what form Mephistopheles takes in me, and the knowledge terrifies me, O my God!

"About eleven o'clock at night I finished reading this tragedy, and I both saw and felt the demon in me, so that before midnight, with tears and despair, I reached the point of being afraid of myself."

Gradually Sand fell into a state of deep melancholy, from which nothing seemed to rouse him save his desire to preach morality to the students about him, and cleanse their minds. To anyone who has any knowledge of life at the universities such an undertaking will seem to be beyond mere human strength. But Sand did not recoil from it, and if he was unable to exert a beneficial influence over all of them, he did succeed in gathering about him a considerable number of the most intelligent and most desirable. And yet, in the midst of his engrossing missionary labors, he frequently felt an inexplicable longing to die. He seemed to remember the joys

of heaven and to feel the need of returning thither. He called his temptation "the homesickness of the soul."

His favorite authors were Lessing, Schiller, Herder and Goethe ; listen to what he wrote in his journal after reading the two last named for the twentieth time.

"There are certain points at which good and evil touch ; the sorrows of young Werther and the seduction of Weisslingen are almost the same story. But no matter ; we must not attempt to judge of the good and evil in others, for God will do that. I have passed much time in thought hereon, and I am firm in the conviction that one ought not under any circumstances to look for the devil in another, and that we have no right to judge. The only creature whom any man has received the power to try and condemn, is himself, and we have quite enough trouble and perplexity over that.

"Again to-day I have felt a strong desire to leave this world for a better ; but it was the result of depression rather than of strength, weariness rather than an eager impulse."

Sand passed the year 1816 in earnest endeavors to turn his young companions in the right direction, in unceasing searching of his own conscience, and in the perpetual struggle against the longing for death which beset him. Every day he grew to doubt himself more and more, and on January 1, 1817, he wrote this prayer in his journal :

"O Lord, grant to me, to whom Thou didst give free will when Thou didst send me into the world, the favor, that during the year on which we are now entering I may not relax my constant watch upon myself, and that I may not shamelessly abandon the hourly examination of my conscience which I have made hitherto. Give me

strength to pay more and more attention to my own manner of life, and less and less to that of others; increase my strength of will so that it may have the power to overcome the desires of the body, and the vagaries of the mind; give me a devout heart, intent upon thy heavenly kingdom, so that I may always belong to Thee, or having gone astray, may return again to Thee."

Sand was well advised to pray for guidance in the year of grace 1817, and his dread was prophetic. The sky of Germany, from which the clouds were driven away by Leipsic and Waterloo, was dark once more. The colossal, world-embracing despotism of Napoleon gave place to the oppression of the petty princes who formed the Germanic Diet, and all that the people had gained by overthrowing the giant was the privilege of being governed by dwarfs.

This was the period of the organization of secret societies throughout Germany. Let us say a few words concerning them, for we are writing the story of nations as well as of individuals, and whenever opportunity offers we will enlarge the horizon of our little picture.

The secret societies of Germany, of which we have all heard so much, without really knowing anything about them, seem, when we follow them back to their source, to have sprung from a sort of amalgamation of the famous clubs of *illuminés* with the free-masons, who made so much stir in France toward the close of the eighteenth century. At the time of the French Revolution the different sects, religious, philosophical and political, enthusiastically accepted the republican propaganda, and the early successes of our generals were often ascribed to the secret efforts of these affiliated societies.

When Bonaparte, who knew of them, and had even,

so it was said, been a member of one or more, laid aside his general's uniform for the imperial mantle, all these sects, who looked upon him as a renegade and a traitor, not only rose against him in the interior of France, but sought alliances with his enemies in other lands. As they appealed only to noble and generous passions, they met with a hearty response, and the princes, who might hope to profit by their efforts, seemed for a time to encourage them. Prince Louis of Prussia, among others, was Grand-Master of one of the societies.

The futile attempt of Staps at assassination, to which we have already referred, was one of the peals of thunder in this storm; but shortly after came the Peace of Vienna, and the Humiliation of Austria completed the dissolution of the old Germanic body. These societies, which received their death-blow in 1806, and were under close surveillance by the French police, instead of continuing their public organizations, were compelled to drum up recruits in secret.

In 1811 several agents of these societies were arrested at Berlin; but the Prussian authorities protected them by order of Queen Louise, so that it was easy for them to put the French police on the wrong scent regarding their objects.

In February, 1813, the disasters of the French arms renewed the courage of the societies, for it was evident that God was on their side. The students were especially enthusiastic and prominent in their new activity; several schools joined one or the other of them almost in a body, and chose their own professors for their officers. The poet Korner, who was killed at Leipsic on the eighteenth of October, was the hero of this campaign.

The triumph of this national movement, which twice carried the Prussian army, largely composed of volunteers,

to Paris, was followed by a terrible reaction in Germany, when the treaties of 1815 and the new Germanic constitution were promulgated. The hosts of young men who had taken up arms at the instance of their princes in the name of liberty, soon perceived that they were simply the instruments which European despotism had made use of to solidify its own power. They tried to obtain the fulfillment of the promises made to them, but the heavy hand of Talleyrand and Metternich was upon them, silencing them at the first words they uttered, and they were forced to hide their discontent and their hopes in the universities, which had certain privileges secured to them by their constitutions, and thereby more easily eluded the prying eyes of the spies of the Holy Alliance. But, forced into hiding as they were, the societies none the less continued to exist, and corresponded with one another through the medium of Italian travelers, who went out about from mountain to mountain and from town to town, pretending to be naturalists, and sowed on all sides the glowing hopeful words which the people were always greedy to hear, and which carried terror to the hearts of kings.

We have seen that Sand was carried away by the universal enthusiasm, and made the campaign of 1815 as a volunteer, although he was then but nineteen. On his return he, like the rest, found that his golden hopes were mere delusions, and that was the period at which the entries in his journal began to take on the mystic, melancholy tone which our readers will have noticed. Before long he joined one of the societies, the *Teutonia*; thenceforth the sacred cause he had embraced became as a religion to him, and he sought to make the conspirators worthy of their undertaking; hence his attempts to inculcate the principles of true morality,

attempts which succeeded admirably with some, but failed dismally with the greater number.

However he succeeded in forming a circle of Puritans, comprising from three to four score students, all belonging to the *Burschenschaft*, which, in the face of the pleasantry and satire of the rival association, the *Landmannschaft*, pursued the even tenor of its political and religious way. One of his friends, named Dittmar, and himself, were practically the leaders of it; and although they owed their authority to no election, the influence which they exerted upon its decisions was a sufficient proof that, in any emergency, their fellows would spontaneously follow in whatever direction it might please them to lead. The meetings of the *Burschen* were held in an old castle on top of a hill not far from Erlangen, which Sand and Dittmar called the *Ruttli*, in memory of the spot where Walther Fürst, Melchthal and Stauffacher swore to make their country free. There, upon the pretext of indulging in athletic exercises, they busied themselves in building a new structure with the old materials, an occupation which was a fit symbol of the greater work they had on hand.

The association made such great strides throughout Germany, that the great European powers began to take alarm, as well as the kings and princes of the Germanic confederation. France sent secret agents to report concerning it, Russia maintained spies in its midst, and it frequently happened that the prosecution of a professor, which stirred a whole university to bitter wrath, was the result of a communication from the cabinet of the Tuileries or of St. Petersburg.

Under the shadow of this general condition of affairs Sand, having commended himself to the protection of God, began the year 1817 in the depressed frame of

mind reflected in his journal, and which his disgust with his surroundings rather than with life tended to perpetuate. On the eighth of May, in an excess of melancholy which he could not overcome, and which had its source in the overthrow of all his hopes, he wrote in his journal :

"It is still impossible for me to set seriously to work, and this slothful disposition, this atrabilious humor which casts its black veil over everything, increases from hour to hour, in spite of the moral shaking-up which I gave myself yesterday."

In vacation, he abstained from going home to his parents for fear of burdening them by the additional expense, and went on a walking tour with his friends. There is little doubt that this tour had a political purpose, aside from the pleasure to be derived from it. However that may be, Sand's journal contains nothing more than the names of the towns at which he stopped. It is a significant fact, bearing upon his respect for his parents, that he did not set out on the excursion until he had obtained his mother's permission.

On their return, Sand and Dittmar, and the other *Burschen* found their *Rutli* pillaged by their enemies of the *Landmannschaft*; the structure they had built was demolished, and its ruins scattered to the winds.

Sand looked upon this as an evil omen, and was woefully cast down by it.

"It seems to me, O my God!" he says in his journal, "that everything is whirling confusedly around me. The darkness in my soul grows denser and denser; my moral strength diminishes instead of increasing; I work, but I can accomplish nothing; I struggle toward my goal, but cannot reach it; I wear myself out, but no grand result flows from my endeavors. The days of

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my life are passing rapidly away ; my care and anxiety grow greater ; I can nowhere descry a haven of refuge for our sacred German cause. In the end we shall fall, for I myself am tottering even now. O my Lord and Father ! protect me, save me, and lead me to that haven from which we are continually thrust back by the indifference of wavering minds."

About this time a terrible catastrophe dealt Sand a crushing blow ; his friend Dittmar was drowned.

This is what he wrote in his journal on the very morning that it happened :

"O Almighty God ! what is going to happen to me ? For a fortnight my brain has been in a whirl, and I have been unable to make up my mind to look forward or backward, so that my journal is a blank from June fourth to this hour. And yet I might have found reason to praise Thee, O God, every day, but my soul is in hell. Lord, turn not away from me ; the more numerous the obstacles, the more strength do I need."

In the evening he added these few words to what he wrote in the morning :

"Desolation, despair and death have befallen my friend, my dearly loved friend, Dittmar."

This letter to his family contains an account of the tragic occurrence :

"You know that when my best friends, U., C. and Z. went away, I became very intimate with my beloved Dittmar of Anspach. Dittmar was a true-hearted, devoted German, a Christian of Christians, more than a man ! An angelic soul, always foremost in doing good, serene, devout, and ready for action. He occupied a room adjoining mine at Professor Grunler's ; we were very fond of each other, we sustained each other in our efforts, and we shared everything in common, pain and

pleasure, good and bad fortune. On that last evening of spring, after working together in his room, and seeking new strength against the vexations of life, and courage to struggle on toward the goal we are striving to reach, we started about seven o'clock for the baths of Redwitz. A heavy storm seemed to be gathering, but the clouds had hardly risen above the horizon. E., who was with us, suggested that we should return, but Dittmar insisted upon going on, saying that the canal was only a few steps away. God be praised that it was not I who made that disastrous reply. So we kept on. The sunset was superb ; I can still see the violet clouds with their fringe of gold ; for I remember the smallest details of that fatal evening.

“ Dittmar went down first into the water ; he was the only one who could swim, so he went on ahead to keep us informed as to the depth. We had the water about up to our waists, and it was up to his shoulders, when he called to us to come no farther, as he had lost his footing. As he spoke he began to swim, but had taken hardly ten strokes, and was just at the point where the river forks, when he gave a shriek, tried to regain his footing, and disappeared. We hurried ashore, thinking that we could help him better from there ; but we had neither poles nor ropes at hand, and, as I told you, neither of us could swim. We called for help with all our strength. Just then Dittmar came to the surface again, and with a super-human effort succeeded in grasping the end of a willow branch which hung out over the water. But the branch was not strong enough to hold his weight, and the poor fellow sank again, as if he had burst a blood-vessel. Imagine the state we were in, we, his dear friends, leaning over the stream with staring haggard eyes, seeking to pierce the dark

depths! My God! my God! how did we escape going mad?

"Meanwhile a great crowd had been attracted by our cries. For two hours they dragged the stream, and succeeded at last in recovering his body. Yesterday we bore him in solemn procession to his last resting-place.

"Thus the spring has closed, and the momentous summer of my life has begun. I greet its coming in a sad and serious frame of mind, and he who writes these words to you is, if not comforted, certainly made strong, by the religious faith, which, by virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, gives him the assurance of meeting his friend again in heaven. From his home on high, he will so inspire me that I shall find the strength to endure the trials of this life; and now I desire nothing more than to know that you are no longer anxious concerning me."

This grievous calamity, instead of bringing the two student associations together in virtue of a common sorrow, seemed, on the other hand, to embitter their mutual hatred. Among the first who responded to the cries for help of Sand and his companion was a member of the *Landmannschaft* who was an accomplished swimmer; but instead of trying to rescue Dittmar, he exclaimed: "I verily believe we are to be rid of one of those dogs of *Burschen*; God be praised!"

Notwithstanding this venomous exhibition, which might, after all, have represented simply his individual opinion, and not that of the whole body, the *Burschen* invited their foes to attend Dittmar's funeral. A contemptuous refusal, accompanied by threats of disturbing the procession by heaping insults upon the corpse, was their only reply. The *Burschen* thereupon appealed to

the authorities, who took the proper precautions, and all Dittmar's friends attended his body to the grave with drawn swords. In the face of this calm, but determined demonstration, the *Landmannschaft* did not venture to carry out their threats, and contented themselves with insulting the procession with songs and sneering laughter.

Sand wrote in his journal :

"Dittmar is a great loss to all of us, and to me more than all the rest ; he gave me strength and life from his super-abundance of both, and checked, as with a dike, all my wavering and indecision. From him I learned not to fear the storm that is approaching, and how to struggle and die."

Some days after the funeral, Sand had a quarrel concerning Dittmar, with one of his former friends who had gone over from the *Burschen* to the *Landmannschaft* and had made himself very conspicuous at the time of the funeral by his unseemly hilarity. It was decided that they should fight on the following day. We quote once more from the journal, under date of August seventeen, the day on which the quarrel took place :

"To-morrow I am to fight with P. G. ; Thou, O God, knowest what good friends we once were, although his coldness always made me somewhat suspicious of him ; but his odious conduct on this occasion has changed the pity which I have lately felt for him to the bitterest hatred.

"O Lord, do not withdraw Thy hand either from him or from me since we both fight like men ! But do Thou judge of our respective causes, and give the victory to him whose cause is the more righteous. If Thou dost summon me before Thy supreme tribunal, I am well aware that I shall appear there burdened with an everlasting malediction ; therefore I do not rely upon myself, but upon the merits of our Saviour Jesus.

"Whatever happens, be Thou praised and blessed, O my God! Amen.

"My dear parents, brothers and friends, I commend you to God's holy keeping."

On the following day Sand waited in vain for two hours; his adversary did not appear at the rendezvous.

However, the loss of Dittmar was a long way from producing the effect upon Sand which might have been expected, and which he himself seemed to foreshadow in the regrets which he poured forth. Being bereft of the forceful nature upon which he was wont to depend, he realized that it was for him to render Dittmar's death less disastrous to his party, by redoubling his own exertions. Consequently he continued alone the work which they had been doing together, and the patriotic conspiracy was not hampered or delayed for an instant.

The vacation season arrived, and Sand left Erlangen never to return. From Wonsiedel he was to go to Jena to continue his theological studies; and after a few days passed with his family, and noted in his journal as days of absolute happiness, he set out for his new place of residence, and arrived there a short time before the festival at the famous old castle of Wartburg.

This festival, which was instituted to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic was looked upon by all Germany as a most momentous and solemn function; and although the princes were well aware that it was made the pretext for a gathering at which the bonds of affiliation were renewed year after year, they dared not proscribe it. As a matter of fact the articles of association of the *Teutonia* were signed at that festival by more than two thousand deputies from the different universities of Germany. It was a red-letter day for

Sand; for he found a host of his old friends there among his friends of more recent date.

The government, however, not daring to attack this assemblage with a strong hand, determined to undermine it by force of logic. Herr von Stauren put forth a terrible arraignment of the associations, based, so it was said, upon information furnished by Kotzebue. It caused great excitement, not at Jena alone, but throughout Germany. It was the first blow aimed at the liberty of the students. We find this mention of the occurrence in Sand's journal:

"24th of November.

"To-day after a long and painstaking day's work, I went out with E about four in the afternoon. As we crossed the market-place we heard somebody reading Kotzebue's latest envenomed insult. What frenzy against the *Burschen* and everybody else who loves Germany has taken possession of the man?"

This is the first mention in Sand's journal of the name of the man whom he was destined to assassinate eighteen months later.

In the evening of the twenty-ninth he wrote:

'To-morrow I mean to set out, bravely and with a glad heart, for a pilgrimage to Wonsiedel; there I shall find my noble-hearted mother, and my dear sister Julia; there I shall give my brain a chance to cool, and my heart to grow warmer. Probably I shall be present at the wedding of my good brother Fritz and Louisa, and at the baptism of my dear friend Durchmuth's first-born. O God, my Father! as Thou wast with me when my heart was sad, so be Thou with me still when my heart is glad!"

This journey had, as a matter of fact, a marvelous effect upon Sand's spirits. Since Dittmar's death his fits

of depression had disappeared. While Dittmar was alive he could afford to die; but with Dittmar dead, the world had need of his life.

He left Wonsiedel December 11th to return to Jena, and on the thirty-first of that month, he closed his journal for the year with this invocation:

"O Merciful God, I began this year with prayer, and of late I have been sore distraught, and ill at ease. When I look back, alas! it is but too evident that I have become no better; but I have acquired a deeper knowledge of life, and when the occasion presents itself, I feel that I have now the strength to act.

"Thou hast always been with me, O Lord, even when I was not with Thee."

If our readers have followed carefully the various extracts from the journal which we have set before them, they will have seen how Sand's resolution gradually gained strength, and the fever of fanaticism mounted to his brain. From the beginning of the year 1818, we feel that his gaze, which had long been timid and wandering, embraced a wider horizon, and was fixed on a more noble goal. His ambition was no longer content with the simple life of the pastor, nor the limited influence which he might exert in a small community, although such a destiny had seemed to his youthful modesty the very acme of good-fortune and happiness; no, the gigantic plans of his political regeneration embraced his fatherland, the German people, and all humanity. And so upon the fly-leaf of his journal for the year 1818, he wrote the following prayer:

"O Lord, deign I beseech Thee to confirm and strengthen me in the idea I have conceived of setting humanity free by the blessed sacrifice of Thy Son. Let me be a Christ to suffering Germany, and make me, like

Jesus and by His example, strong and patient under suffering."

Meanwhile the anti-republican pamphlets of Kotzebue were becoming very numerous, and acquiring a fatal influence over the minds of the governing classes. Almost all those who were attacked therein were known and esteemed at Jena, and we can imagine the effect such insults were likely to produce upon the hot young heads and noble hearts, which carried conviction to the point of blindness, and enthusiasm to madness.

Read what Sand wrote in his journal on the fifth of May:

"O Lord, why has this agonizing melancholy again taken possession of me? But over it all my will is firm and unwavering, and the thought of fatherland brings pleasure and courage to the saddest and the weakest. When I reflect on the matter, I marvel that there is no one among us with sufficient courage to bury a knife in the throat of Kotzebue or any other traitor."

Still possessed by the same thought, he continues, under date of the eighteenth of May:

"One man is nothing compared with a whole people; it is as if one compared a single unit to tens of thousands of units, a minute to a century. Man, whom nothing precedes and nothing follows, is born, lives and dies, within a longer or shorter period, which, in comparison with eternity, is of less duration than a flash of lightning. A nation, on the other hand, is immortal."

And yet, now and then amid such gloomy reflections as these, which bear the imprint of the fatalism that impelled him to accomplish the deed of blood, the joyous, noble youth reappears.

On June 24th he writes his mother:

"I received your long, lovely letter accompanying

the very complete, and carefully selected outfit you sent me. The sight of the exquisite linen brought back to my mind one of my childish pleasures. This adds to my debt of gratitude to you. My prayers never pass unnoticed, and I am never without reason to thank both you and God. I received the shirts and two pairs of fine sheets, a specimen of your handiwork and of Julia's and Caroline's, together with the sweetmeats and dainties; I am still leaping for very pleasure, and I turned three times on my heel when I opened the little package. Accept my heartfelt thanks, and, as giver, share with me the joy of receiving.

"But to-day is a very solemn day, the last day of spring, and the anniversary of that on which I lost my dear, noble Dittmar. I am perplexed by a thousand confused, incongruous emotions; but I have but two real passions left in my heart; there they stand like two pillars of brass, sustaining all this chaos; the thought of God, and the love of my country."

During all this time, Sand's life was apparently calm and untroubled; the interior storm was allayed; he rejoiced in his power of application to his work, and in his joyous disposition. From time to time he complains bitterly of his fondness for good living, which he was not always able to overcome. At such times in his self-contempt he calls himself hard names.

But through all, his politico-religious frenzy did not abate. With certain of his friends he made a sort of missionary trip to Leipsic, Wittemberg and Berlin, and visited all the battlefields near which they passed. On the eighteenth of October he returned to Jena, and resumed his studies with more zest than ever. He was busily engaged in his work at the university when the year 1818 came to a close, and one would hardly suspect

the terrible resolution he had formed, were it not for this passage in his journal under date of December 31st.

"The closing hours of this last day of the year 1818 find me in a very serious and solemn frame of mind, and I have decided that the Christmas festival that has just passed was the last Christmas festival that I shall ever celebrate. If any result is to spring from my efforts, if the cause of humanity is to triumph in this country of ours; if, in this faithless age, some generous sentiments are destined to see the light, it cannot be until the villain, the traitor, the seducer of youth, the infamous Kotzebue has fallen! I am thoroughly convinced of this, and I can never rest until I have accomplished the work I have resolved to accomplish. At Thy hands, O Lord, who knowest that I have devoted my life to this great deed, I have but to ask, now that I have irrevocably determined to attempt it, the gift of true manliness and a stout heart."

Here Sand's journal comes to an end. He began it to strengthen his determination and his courage; he had accomplished his purpose, and he needed nothing more. From that moment he was entirely absorbed in the one thought, and he continued to mature his plans deliberately, so as to be perfectly familiar beforehand with the method of their execution; but there was no indication on the surface of the nature of his preoccupation. To all the world he was the same; except that for some time his friends had remarked the perfect serenity and equableness of his demeanor, accompanied by a very noticeable inclination to take life joyously once more. He made no change in the hours or the length of his lessons, but he suddenly became very assiduous in his attendance upon the courses in anatomy. One day he was observed to be even more engrossed than usual in a

lecture in which the professor pointed out the different functions of the heart ; he examined with the greatest care its position in the breast, requesting that several of the demonstrations be repeated two or three times ; and when they left the lecture-room he questioned several of the young men who were taking the courses in medicine, as to the sensitiveness of that organ, which bears so close a relation to life that the slightest blow which reaches it is inevitably followed by death ; and all this with such perfectly assumed calmness and indifference, that no one conceived the least suspicion.

Another day A. S., one of his friends, came to his room ; Sand heard him coming up the stairs, and was waiting for him, standing against a table with a paper-knife in his hand. As soon as he appeared in the doorway Sand rushed at him, dealt him a light blow on the forehead, and as he involuntarily put up his hands to ward it off, struck him with a little more force on the chest.

"You see," he said, apparently satisfied with his experiment, "when you want to kill a man, you must do as I did then ; make a feint at his face, he will put up his hands, and meanwhile you bury a dagger in his heart."

The two young men had a hearty laugh over this demonstration of murderous possibilities, and in the evening A. S. told the story at the *weinhaus*, as an instance of his friend's numerous peculiarities. After the event, this pantomime was sufficiently explained.

The month of March arrived ; Sand became day by day more tranquil, more affectionate in his manner, and more devout ; it was as if, being on the point of leaving his friends forever, he wished to leave an ineffaceable impression upon their hearts. At last he announced his purpose to take a short journey to attend to several

family matters, and made his preparations therefor with his usual care, but with such absolute serenity as he had never been known to display before. Up to that time he had not remitted his regular work for an instant; for it was among the possibilities that Kotzebue might die, or be killed by somebody else before the time which Sand had fixed in his own mind for the deed, and in that case did not wish to have wasted his time.

On the seventh of March, Sand invited all his friends to pass the evening at his rooms, and told them that he proposed to start two days later, on the ninth. They unanimously agreed to bear him company for a few leagues; but Sand declined; he feared that such a demonstration, although perfectly innocent in its purpose, might compromise them later. He set out therefore quite alone, having first hired his lodgings for another term, in order to avert suspicion. He went by Erfurth and Isenach, in order to visit Wartenburg.

Thence he went to Frankfort where he lay the night of the seventeenth, and the next day kept on to Darmstadt, and on the twenty-third at nine o'clock in the morning he reached the summit of the hill where we saw him at the beginning of this narrative. Throughout the journey, he was always the same winning, light-hearted youth, whom no one could meet without loving him.

At Mannheim he took up his quarters at the Weinberg, and registered there under the name of Heinrich. He at once inquired where he could find Kotzebue. The counsellor lived near the Jesuit church; his house was at the corner of a street, and although they could not tell him the exact letter, it was impossible to mistake it.*

Sand went to the house without delay; it was about ten o'clock; he was told that the counsellor was accustomed

* At Mannheim the houses are lettered, not numbered

to walk for an hour or two every morning on a certain avenue in the public park. He inquired as to the location of the avenue, and as to the counsellor's dress, for as he had never seen him he could not recognize him without a description. It chanced that Kotzebue had taken a different avenue. Sand walked in the park an hour, but as he met no one to whom the description seemed to apply, he returned to the house. Kotzebue was at home, but was lunching, and could not receive visitors.

Sand returned to the Weinberg and took his place at the noon table d'hôte, where he dined without the least trace of excitement, and apparently in the best of spirits; his simple, yet animated and lofty conversation, attracted the notice of all the guests.

At five in the afternoon he called a third time at Kotzebue's house. He was giving a grand dinner-party that day, but had given orders that Sand should be admitted. He was shown into a little study adjoining the reception room, and a moment later Kotzebue made his appearance.

Thereupon Sand enacted the tragedy which he rehearsed with his friend A. S. He made a feint at Kotzebue's face, and the counsellor put up his hands to ward it off, and so left his breast unprotected; in an instant Sand's dagger was buried in his heart.

Kotzebue gave but one cry and fell heavily backward upon a chair. He was dead.

In answer to the cry a little girl of some six years came running in; a fascinating child of the true German type, with the head of a cherubim, blue eyes, and long waving hair. She threw herself upon Kotzebue's body with heart-rending shrieks, calling him father. Sand, who was standing by the door, could not bear the sight,

KARL LUDWIG SAND

The assassination of Kotzebue by Sand.



and without attempting to fly, drove the dagger, still dripping with Kotzebue's blood, up to the hilt in his own breast.

When he found, to his amazement, that notwithstanding the terrible wound he had inflicted upon himself, death did not come, he determined not to be taken alive by the servants who were hurrying to the spot, so he rushed out to the stairs. At that moment, the counsellor's guests were coming in, and when they caught sight of a young man with colorless cheeks, covered with blood, and with a dagger in his breast, they shrieked in dismay, and stood aside instead of stopping him. Sand therefore rushed down the stairs to the street door; a patrol was passing not ten feet away, on its way to change the sentinels at the castle. Sand supposed that they had come in response to the shouts which he heard behind him, and dropped on his knees in the middle of the street, saying: "Father, receive my soul." With that, he drew the dagger from the wound, dealt himself a second blow just above the first, and fainted.

He was taken to the hospital, where he was watched with the greatest care. His wounds were very severe; but, thanks to the skill of the physicians who attended him, they were not fatal. One of them indeed was entirely cured; but the other was so located between the pleural cavity and the ribs that an empyema was formed there, and was kept carefully open, so that the secretions of the night could be pumped out in the morning. For three months Sand hovered between life and death.

When the news of the assassination of Kotzebue reached Jena on the twenty-sixth of March, the Senate of the university ordered Sand's apartment to be searched, and found two letters there, one addressed to his friends of the *Burschenschaft*, in which he said that he no

"longer considered himself a member of the society, as he did not propose that they should have for their brother a man who was to die upon the scaffold.

The other, which bore this superscription :

"To my dearest and most intimate friends," was a detailed statement of what he proposed to do, and of the motives which led him to do it. Although the letter is somewhat long, it is so serious in tone and old-fashioned, that we do not hesitate to put it before our readers as it was written.

"To all my dear ones, loyal hearts, whom I shall cherish forever.

"Why add to your sorrow? I asked myself; and I hesitated to write to you. But the religion of the heart would be outraged by my silence, and the deeper the grief, the greater the need, in order to assuage it, of draining one's cup of gall to the dregs. Come forth, then, from my anguish-laden bosom—come forth, O thou long, cruel torture of a last interview, which, however, when it is unreserved, is the only thing that can soothe the pain of parting!

"This letter brings to you the last farewells of your son and brother.

"The greatest sorrow in life for every generous heart is to see the development of God's purposes arrested by our fault; and there could be nothing so infamous, nothing so dishonorable as to suffer the glorious privileges, won by the devoted gallantry of thousands of men, and for which thousands of men have joyfully laid down their lives, to pass away like a fleeting vision without any real, definite results. The regeneration of the German nation was begun during the last twenty years, notably in the sacred year 1813, with God-inspired courage. But lo! the paternal mansion is tottering from turret to foundation-

stone! Forward! Let us raise it aloft again, new and fair to see, and a fitting temple of the true God.

"They are but few in number who resist, and seek to dam with their bodies the torrent of the progress of the highest humanity among the German people. Why do great masses bend as one man beneath the yoke of a perverse minority? And why, almost before we are cured, do we voluntarily contract a worse disease than that from which we are convalescing?

"Several of these suborners of crime, and they are the most infamous of the lot, are playing the game of corruption with us; among these is Kotzebue, the shrewdest and most villainous of all, a veritable talking machine, which vomits forth detestable suggestions without number, and unlimited pernicious advice. His voice is very skillful in removing from our hearts every spark of indignation or bitterness against the most unjust measures; just such a voice as our kings need to lull us to sleep—the old-time sluggish sleep which is the death of nations. Every day he shamefully betrays the country, and yet, despite his treason, he is the idol of half the people of Germany, who are dazed by his flow of words, and swallow without resistance the poison which he pours out for them in his periodic pamphlets, protected and sheltered as he is by the seductive glamour of his reputation as a great poet. Under his influence, the German princes have forgotten their promises, and will not allow themselves to be guilty of any generous or noble action; or if any such action is performed in spite of them, they combine with the French to make it of no effect. To prevent the history of our time from being tainted with everlasting infamy, he must die.

"I have always maintained that if we wish to find a certain and conclusive remedy for our present state of

Abasement, it is absolutely essential that no one shall fear to fight or to suffer, and the true freedom of the German people will not be assured until every gallant burgher shall have wagered his own life, and every son of the fatherland, girded for the struggle for the right, shall despise the good things of this world, and think with longing of naught but the blessings of heaven, which are under the guard of death.

"Who, then, will strike down this hired villain, this venal traitor?"

"I have been long waiting in fear and trembling, I who was not born for murder, praying that some other would anticipate me, and so set me free to go on in the pleasant, peaceful path I have selected. Ah, well! notwithstanding my prayers and my tears, he who should strike the blow does not appear; in good sooth, every man has the same right that I have to rely upon another, and meanwhile every hour's delay tends to make our situation worse. For at any moment (and how unutterably shameful it would be for us!) Kotzebue may leave Germany, and return to Russia to live upon the ill-gotten fortune for which he has bartered his conscience, his honor and his name of German. Who will be our guaranty against this shame, if there is no one, neither myself nor any other, who feels irresistibly called upon to save his beloved country, by making himself the chosen instrument of God's justice? And so again I say, forward! I will rush bravely upon him (do not be afraid), upon the unclean tempter; I will kill the traitor, so that his corrupting voice may no longer make us deaf to the teachings of history and the voice of God. An irresistible sense of a grave duty to be performed impels me to this deed, since I have come to realize to what a lofty destiny the German people may properly aspire in

this enlightened age; and since I know who the cowardly hypocrite is, who alone prevents them from attaining it, the desire to remove him from the path has become to me, as to every German who has the public good at heart, a stern necessity. May I succeed, by thus avenging my people, in pointing out to all upright and loyal hearts where the real danger lies, and in saving our vilified, slandered associations from the great and imminent peril which is hanging over them! May I succeed, too, in striking terror to the hearts of all cowards and villains, and in imparting courage and faith to all true men! Talking and writing lead to nothing; deeds alone bring forth results.

“So then, I propose to *act*; and although I am obliged to say farewell to all my delightful dreams of the future, I am none the less filled with confidence in God; indeed I have felt a joy like unto the joys of heaven since I have seen, like the Hebrews in search of the promised land, the path marked out before me, at the end of which I shall have paid my debt to my fatherland.

“And so, farewell, faithful hearts; doubtless this sudden separation is hard to bear; doubtless your hopes as well as my own longings are disappointed; but let us take comfort, first of all, in the thought that we have done what our country’s voice demanded at our hands; that, as you know, is the principle upon which I have lived my life. You will say among yourselves no doubt: ‘He had learned to know life, and to relish the good things of earth, thanks to our sacrifices for him, and he seemed to be deeply attached to his home and the humble station to which he was called.’ Alas! yes, that is most true; under your protection, and by virtue of your countless acts of self-sacrifice, my native land and life itself have become very dear to me. Yes, thanks to

You, I have made my way into the Eden of knowledge, and have lived the free life of a thinker; thanks to you, I have searched the pages of history, and have then looked into my own conscience, only to strengthen the bonds which bind me to the solid pillars of faith in the Eternal God.

"It is true that I would have liked to glide peacefully through life as a preacher of the gospel; it is true that I might, by clinging to my profession, shelter myself against the storms of this earthly existence. But would such a course turn aside the danger by which Germany is threatened; on the contrary, would not you yourselves in your infinite love, urge me to risk my life for the welfare of all? Hosts of the Greeks of to-day have already fallen in the struggle to free their country from the Turkish yoke, and their death has had almost no result, even as they were almost without hope; and yet other hosts have not lost their courage, and are ready to lay down their lives in their turn; and can I hesitate to die? Unless I misjudge your love, and it is really a paltry, selfish sentiment, you will not think so. What could impel me to seek death in this way, except my devotion to you and to Germany, and my feeling that I must demonstrate it to my family and my native province?

"You, mother, may say: 'Why did I rear a son, whom I loved dearly, and who loved me the same, upon whom I have lavished the most devoted care, and for whom I have made sacrifices innumerable, a son, who, by virtue of my prayers and my example, was quick to respond to every good influence, and from whom, after my long and wearisome life, I might expect a return of the care I have lavished upon him—why, I say, did I rear such a son, to be abandoned by him now?'

"Oh! my dear, good mother! perhaps you will say

that ; but could not the mother of any other man say as much ? And how be content with words, when action is demanded ! and if no one chose to act, what would become of the common mother of us all, whom we call Germany ?

“ But, no ; such lamentation is not for you, noble-hearted woman ! Once before I heard and understood your summons ; and if, at the present moment, no one else comes forward to serve the cause of Germany, you would yourself be the first to bid me God-speed. I have in my mind my two brothers and two sisters, loyal, devoted hearts all. They will remain with you, mother, dear ; and in addition you will have for a son every child of Germany who loves his fatherland.

“ Every man has a destiny which must be worked out ; mine requires me to do the deed I am about to undertake ; were I to live fifty years I could be no happier than I have been since my resolution was taken.

“ Farewell, mother ; I leave you in God’s care ; may He raise you to a height of happiness, where misfortune cannot reach you ! Ere long go with your grandchildren, to whom I would have liked so well to be a loving uncle, to the summit of some one of our noble mountains. There, upon the altar erected by God Himself in the heart of Germany, let them swear a solemn oath to take up the sword as soon as they are able to lift it, and not to lay it down again until our brethren are free and united ; until all Germans, living under a liberal constitution, shall be great in the sight of the Lord, strong against their neighbors, and one in heart and spirit.

“ May my country keep her joyous gaze turned ever toward Thee, O Father Almighty ! May Thy blessing fall abundantly upon her harvests all ready for the

reaper, upon her swords all ready to fight valiantly in her behalf, and may the German people, humbly grateful for the favors Thou hast heaped upon them, stand always among the nations as the first who rose to uphold the cause of humanity, which is Thy image upon earth !

“Forever your devoted son, brother and friend.

“KARL LUDWIG SAND.

“Jena, at the beginning of March, 1819.”

From the hospital, where he was at first taken, as we have seen, Sand was transferred after three months to the Mannheim penitentiary, where a cell had been prepared for him. He remained there two months, still in a state of extreme debility. His left arm was completely paralyzed, his voice was almost inaudible, and every movement that he made caused him horrible suffering. Not until the eleventh of August, five months after the event we have described, was he able to write. He then indited the following letter to his family :

“MY VERY DEAR PARENTS :

“The Grand Duke’s court of inquiry informed me yesterday that I would be permitted the very great joy of having a visit from you, and that I might perhaps see you and embrace you, dear mother, and some of my brothers and sisters as well.

“I was not in the least surprised at this fresh proof of your mother’s love, but the hope of seeing you awoke in me anew a most vivid remembrance of the happy peaceful days we passed together. Joy and sorrow, desire and sacrifice, struggled violently in my heart, and in order to regain my self-control, and reach a rational decision, I had to weigh all these divers sentiments side by side, with reason holding the scales.

"Sacrifice outweighed desire.

"You know, mother, how much happiness and courage I should derive from one glance from your eyes, from seeing you day after day, and from your pious and elevated discourse, during the very brief time that remains. But you also realize my position, and you know too well the natural course of these judicial inquiries, not to feel as I do, that the intolerable annoyance of being interrupted every few moments would greatly interfere with the pleasure of our being together, even if it did not succeed in destroying it altogether. And then too, dear mother, think of the terrible grief of parting when the moment arrives for us to part forever, especially after the long and wearisome journey you will be compelled to take in order to see me once more. Let us then abide by God's will, and be reconciled to the sacrifice, contenting ourselves with that sweet communion of thought, which distance cannot interrupt, in which I find my only happiness, and which the Lord our Father will allow us to enjoy, in spite of all that man can do.

"As to my physical condition, I know absolutely nothing about it; but you can see from my being able at last to write you myself, that I am better than I was. I know too little, however, of the structure of my own body to form an opinion as to what my wounds will decide to do with it. Aside from a little strength which I have gained, I seem to be about the same, and I try to endure my suffering calmly and patiently. God has come to my assistance, and He gives me courage and steadfastness; He will help me, never fear, to find cause of rejoicing in everything, and to be stout of heart. Amen.